THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

NOVEMBER, 1803.

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS OF *MR. FAWCETT,* COMEDIAN.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

IN bringing forward characters who have distinguished themselves on the stage, we are rendering a service to society: for the real end of both tragedy and comedy is to extend the knowledge of human life, and improve those affections of our nature by which we are distinguished. Tragedy, strictly speaking, excites compassion by the exhibition of human sorrows; and Comedy ridicules the frailties and infirmities of mortals after a manner which may prove conducive to the rectification of them. To cherish pity and to correct weakness must claim our regard. That the stage does

not keep in view its prime object, must be lamented: but the representation of human nature, in all its endless variety, may be rendered subservient to improvement. The English theatre has been censurable in time past; but the efforts of a COLLIER first of all checked its licentious progress, and afterwards accelerated its reformation.

MR. FAWCETT, the subject of our present memoir, was, we understand, born in London, 1769. His father was connected with Drury-lane for upwards of twenty years, and his vocal abilities were distinguished. The son was bound apprentice, but his genius did not suit business of any description, therefore he soon quitted his situation; nor must we wonder at his having relinquished a sphere in which he was not destined to move. He appears to have known his genius, and to have acted with a spirit which is entitled to our commendation.

His first appearance was at Margate, in the character of *Courtall*, in the *Belle's Stratagem*. His reception was such, that it gave him encouragement: he was induced, therefore, to continue his exertions in this line; and at Tunbridge he was patronised by Mr. Cumberland in a manner which encouraged him to proceed. At this time of life, and in the earlier part of his career, we must not wonder that such patronage was gratefully received.

From Tunbridge he passed to York, and Mr. Wilkinson took him under his protection; of course he had an opportunity given him of improving himself. It would be curious could

we trace the history of every actor through the successive stages of improvement till he became known by his celebrity.

Mr. Fawcett has performed in tragedy: the characters of *Romeo, Douglas, Oronooko,* &c. were alternately exhibited by him, and he discovered considerable talents even in this line of representation. It is remarkable, that a picture of Garrick delineates him as drawn both ways by tragedy and comedy; and on the first appearance, it is almost impossible to say which preponderates, so equal were their claims, so great the merits by which the dramatist was distinguished.

With respect to Mr. Fawcett, however, comedy is the department in which his talents shine. And so conscious was he that his abilities were confined to the comic line, that, in a subsequent engagement with the York manager, he made a positive stipulation that he should never be obliged to perform a tragic character again.

At Covent-garden, in the year 1791, he made his debut in a way which secured a large share of the public approbation. In the character of *Caleb* (in *He would be a Soldier*) and in the character of *Simkin* (in the *Deserter*), he met with reiterated plaudits from overflowing houses. Indeed his humour was of that original stamp, that he is said to bear a strong resemblance to EDWIN, of comic memory.

Latterly Fawcett has shone in other characters, and obtained an equal degree of celebrity. We all know how happily he has exerted his

talents by the representation of *Job Thornbury* (in *John Bull*), of *Dr. Pangloss* (in the *Heir at Law*), and of *Caleb Quotem* (in the *Review; or, Wags of Windsor*). The exquisite serious humour of this performer, in each of these characters, is better imagined than it can be described.

That talents of a peculiar description are necessary for such exhibitions, will not be denied; and it may also be remarked, that such talents require considerable cultivation. In both respects, the subject of our memoir is well qualified: nature has done her part, and what she has done has received due improvement—hence that exquisite ability which Mr. Fawcett has displayed—hence his fame possesses no small extent, and a permanent duration.

In 1795, he was engaged by Mr. Colman for the summer season, and afterwards took several of Mr. J. Bannister's parts, on that gentleman's secession from the Hay-market theatre. Mr. Colman, that he might the better devote his time to the muses, afterwards resigned to Mr. Fawcett the direction of his theatre, and he continued acting-manager and performer till the summer of 1803, when Mr. Colman opened his theatre with a new company, for the purpose of opposing the winter theatres, who have for these many seasons continued open four or five weeks during the time of his patent. Mr. Fawcett has lately catered for the theatres, having invented the following pantomimes—*Obi, or Three-fingered Jack*, performed at the Hay-market, 1800; *Perouse, or the Desolate Is-*

land, performed at Covent-garden, 1801; and *Fairy Revels*, performed at the Hay-market, 1802. He married Mrs. Mills, a widow, whose maiden name was More, and who was born in London. This lady and Mr. Mills belonged to Covent Garden in 1783. She died in 1797, leaving behind a daughter by Mr. Fawcett.

As to moral character and the virtues of private life Mr. Fawcett possesses a high degree of respectability. Unlike many of his profession, he is distinguished for sobriety, economy, and sociability. In him is to be found that attention to decorum, without which no individual can long claim the respect of his fellow-creatures: we mention this circumstance with pleasure. The stage ought to instruct, and even reform the manners of the age. The misfortunes of life may be attributed to rashness, and the follies of life, to the want of consideration; and both these evils will be more effectually cured when the performers themselves are virtuous, and shew themselves really desirous of effecting the reformation of mankind.

Islington. J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 80.

BEAUTIES OF TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

(Hoole's Translation.)

SOME specimens of this delightful poem were given in our last number, and we doubt not the reader was fully pleased with them. The whole work consists of twenty books: the former extracts are to be found in the first five books; the present, in the next seven; and the beauties of the remaining eight, in the succeeding number of our Miscellany.

The contest between Tancred and Argantes is thus described:

The warriors now unsheath'd their faulchions bright,
And left their steeds, on foot to wage and fight.
Now ev'ry pass with wary hands they prove;
With watchful eyes and nimble feet they move:
In every form their pliant limbs they show,
Now wheel, now press, now seem to shun the foe!
Now here, now there, the glancing steel they bend,
And where they threaten least, the strokes descend!

Argantes, singly, is thus drawn:

As shaking terrors from his blazing hair,
A sanguine comet gleams through dusky air,

To ruin states, and dire diseases spread,
And baleful light on purple tyrants shed—
So flam'd the chief in arms and sparkling ire,
He roll'd his eyes, suffused with blood and fire:
His dreadful threats the firmest hearts controul'd,
And with a look he wither'd all the bold;
With horrid shout he shook his naked blade,
And smote the impassive air and empty shade!

A storm and battle happening together, both armies are thus described at the conclusion:

Back to the walls return'd the pagan band,
The weary christians in the vale remain'd;
Nor then could scarce th' increasing tempest bear,
And the wild rage of elemental war!
Now here, now there, the fires more faintly show,
Loud roar the winds, the rushing waters flow!
The tents are shatter'd, stakes in pieces torn,
And whole pavillions far to distance borne—
The thunder, rain, and wind, and human cries,
With deafening clamours rend the vaulted skies!

The chief of the christians thus harangues his followers in the true spirit of enthusiasm:

Then thus he cry'd—"Prepare for sure renown,
The victor's laurel, or the martyr's crown!
The first I hope, nor less the last I prize,
When greater merits equal glories rise!
This field, O friends! shall future honors claim,
A temple sacred to immortal fame:
Where distant ages shall our trophies tell,
Or show the spot on which we greatly fell!"

A dark night, the time of attack, is thus sublimely pourtrayed:

Now had the night her sable curtain spread,
And o'er the earth unwholesome vapours shed:
The ground no cool refreshing moisture knew,
But horrid drops of warm and sanguine dew!
Monsters and prodigies in Heaven were seen;
Dire spectres, shrieking, skimm'd along the green!
A deeper gloom exulting Pluto made,
With added terrors from th' infernal shade!

Solyman setting out to Gaza is a perfect picture!

Aurora now her rosy wreaths displays,
And Phœbus gilds them with his orient rays:
Time calls (he cries), the sun directs our way,
That summons mortals to the toils of day.
Then to a car, that near him ready stood,
He pass'd—the chief of Nice his steps pursu'd;
They mount the seat, the stranger takes the reins,
Before the lash the coursers scour the plains:
They foam, they neigh, their smoking nostrils blow,
And the champ'd bits are white with frothy snow!

The following sentiment is not unfrequently verified:

Let each his valour and his wisdom show,
To stem the tide of human ills below:
For oft 'tis seen that with the brave and wise,
The pow'r to make their prosperous fortune lies.

The two subsequent lines would suit, by way of motto, a great many of the pieces which appear just at present, relative to the awful state of our country:

Heav'n witness! what I speak, the time requires—
Love for my country and my king inspires!

The solemn procession, for imploring the divine blessing, is beautifully sketched:

Soon as th' ensuing morning's light arose,
The hermit, with the priests assembled, goes
Where, in a vale to worship sacred made,
The christians oft their pure devotions paid:
Robes white as snow the priestly band enfold,
The pastors shone in mantles rich with gold,
That hung divided on their breasts before,
And hallow'd wreaths around their brows they wore.
Thus chaunting hymns devout, the num'rous train
In ample circuit mov'd along the plain:
Their pensive march to Olivet they frame,
Fruitful in olives, whence it bears the name.
So pass the tuneful bands, with cadence sweet—
The hollow vales the lengthen'd notes repeat,
The winding caverns and the mountains high
A thousand echoes to the sounds reply!

The siege of Jerusalem is carried on in a manner expressive of great energy:

Now to the walls the battering arms drew nigh,
Enormous engines, dreadful to the eye!
Strong iron plates their massy heads compose,
The gates and ramparts fear the approaching blows;
'Gainst thee a hundred hands their aid supply,
And roll vast beams and ruins from on high:
The ponderous fragments thunder on the fields,
At once they break the well-compacted shields,
And the crush'd helmet to the fury yields!

The plain is strewn with arms, and cover'd o'er
With shatter'd bones, and brains, and mingled gore!

A singular apostrophe to Clarinda's tomb, by Tancred, is worthy of being transcribed:

O tomb rever'd, where all my hopes are fled,
O'er which my eyes such copious sorrows shed!
Thou bear'st not in thy womb a lifeless frame,
Their love still dwells, and lights his wonted flame!
Still, still that form ador'd my breast inspires
With not less ardent, but more painful fires!
O give these kisses, give these mournful sighs,
To that lov'd form that in thy bosom lies!

We shall add only one extract more—it is the exclamation of the fierce Argantes:

Hear, all Jerusalem, my purpose hear!
And conscious Heav'n be witness whilst I swear,
I vow dire vengeance on the christians' head,
And, if I fail, on me thy bolts be shed!
The task be mine the murderer's life to take:
Ne'er shall this trusty sword my side forsake,
Till deep in Tancred's heart it finds a way,
And leaves his corse to ravenous fowls a prey!
He spoke—well pleas'd, his speech the Syrians hear,
And loud applauses rend the sounding air!
The hopes of vengeance all their pains relieve,
Each calms his sorrow, and forgets to grieve.
O empty words! O Heav'n in vain adjur'd,
Far other end disposing fate ensur'd!
For soon subdu'd, the pagan boaster dies,
By him who now in thought beneath his prowess lies!

Islington. J. E.

DESCRIPTION OF LONDON

In the 14th Century.

WITH THE BIRTH OF CHAUCER,

The Father of English Poets.

BY WM. GODWIN.

THE seat of Chaucer's nativity was the city of London. This is completely ascertained by his own words in the Testament of Love, book i. section 5. "Also the citye of London, that is to me so dere and swete, in which I was forth growen; and more kindely love have I to that place, than to any other in yerth, as every kindely creture hath full appetite to that place of hisndly engendrure, and to wilne rest and pece in that stede to abide."

This passage contains nearly all the information we possess relative to the commencement of our poet's life: but it is fraught with various inferences. It is peremptory as to the place of his birth, or, as he calls it, of his "kindely engendrure" (that is, his geniture according to kind, or the course of nature). It renders it extremely probable that London was the abode of his tender years and the scene of his first education: so much is not unlikely to be implied in his giving it the appellation of the place in which he was "forth growen." Lastly, as he is in this passage assigning a reason why, many years after (in the 56th year of his age), he interested himself in the welfare, and took a part in the dissentions, of the metropolis, it

may with some plausibility be inferred, that his father was a merchant, and that he was himself, by the circumstances of his birth, entitled to the privileges of a citizen.

He who loves to follow the poet through the various scenes from which his mind receives its first impressions, will be eager in this place to recollect what sort of a city London was in the beginning of the fourteenth century, how far it resembled, and in what respects it differed from the present metropolis of England.

I am afraid little doubt can be entertained, that, if we were to judge of it from the first impression it was likely to make upon a stranger, it would not have been found much more advantageous than that of Paris at the same time, which Petrarca describes (A. D. 1333) as "the most dirty and ill-smelling town he had ever visited, Avignon only excepted."

Of this, however, we may be sure, that the impression which London produced on the mind of Chaucer, was very different from that of Paris on the mind of Petrarca. Petrarca viewed the cities of France with the prepossessions of an Italian, and the haughtiness of a pedant, proud that he owed his birth to the country of Cicero and Virgil, of Brutus and Cato, and looking on the rest of the world as a people of barbarians. Chaucer had none of these prejudices: he felt the great dictates of nature, and cherished them with the fondness of attachment. London, with its narrow lanes, and its dirty ways, and its streets incumbered with commerce, and its people vexed with all the

cares of gain, was in his eyes beautiful, lovely, and engaging. "More kindely love and fuller appetite had he to that place than to any other in yerth."

But, though London had, at this time, very little to boast on the score of its general architecture, it was already the scene of considerable population and wealth. The topographer who would attain to an exact idea of any of our principal towns at a remote period of their history, must go back in the first place to the consideration of what they were in the time of the Roman empire. For near four centuries, from the year of Christ 50 to the year 450, Britain was a flourishing and powerful colony to the great mistress of the world. The Romans, in proportion as they subdued her barbarous inhabitants, founded cities, erected theatres, established universities, constructed highways, and adorned the island with magnificent works of art, as well as planted within its circuit the seeds of discipline, science, and literature.—England was then a civilized and a magnificent scene, and would have presented as many objects worthy of the curiosity of a traveller of taste, as at any period of its subsequent history. London was founded by the Romans, and inclosed with a wall, nearly equal in extent to the present boundaries of the city of London strictly so called. Its limits were from about the foot of Blackfriar's bridge west to the Tower stairs east; on the north it extended to the street now denominated London Wall, and on the south it had another wall which skirted

the whole length of the city along the shores of the river.

In that melancholy period, when the Roman empire in the west became universally a prey to the hordes of ferocious barbarians, England fell to the lot of certain piratical tribes from the north of Germany, since known by the general denomination of Anglo-Saxons. These invaders were successful in exterminating from among us all vestiges of literature and Roman civilization. The christian religion itself sunk under their hostility. The institutions of the ancient Germans and the mythology of Woden became universal. At the time when the monk St. Agustine arrived in this country for the pious purpose of converting its usurpers, A. D. 596, it has been supposed that there was not a book to be found through the whole extent of the island. From this time, however, there was a period of comparative illumination. The Saxons had poetry, and the missionaries from Rome brought with them such literature as Europe then had to boast. We had our Bede, our Alcuin, and our Alfred. This infancy of improvement was nearly crushed by the Danes, the inveterate foes of monasteries and learning, who were, in the tenth century, what the Saxons had already been in the sixth. England presents little to sooth the eye of the lover of civilization, from the retreat of the Romans to the epoch of the Norman conquest, when a race of warriors, educated in a happier scene, and a succession of kings, nearly all of distinguished

ability, brought back to us the abode of the muses and the arts of cultivated life.

During this interval, London, the heart of England, had experienced a common fate with the rest of its members. The walls, indeed, in considerable part remained, but the houses tumbled into ruin, and the tall grass waved in the streets: not that it was ever wholly unpeopled, but that it was an inconsiderable place, in comparison of the dimensions which the Romans had marked out for it. A short time, however, previously to the conquest, it had a bridge of wood erected over the Thames, a work which would not have been constructed in those rude times, if it had not even then been a flourishing city.

The Tower of London was constructed for the purpose of subjugation by William the Conqueror. William Rufus, who had a strong passion for magnificence, enlarged this edifice, rebuilt London bridge on a more commodious plan, and laid the foundation of Westminster Hall. London bridge was first built of stone under Henry II. Edward the Confessor, who, a short time before the conquest, imported some of the Norman arts into Britain, first gave existence to the city of Westminster, having built there the old palace, and the venerable structure known by the name of Westminster Abbey.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Monthly Visitor.

LETTER FROM THE CELEBRATED THOMAS PAINE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;

Describing his Escape from the Guillotine while in Paris.

"I WAS one of the nine members (says Mr. P.) that composed the first Committee of Constitution. Six of these have been destroyed. Sieyes and myself have survived—he, by bending with the times, and I by not bending. The other survivor joined Robespierre, and signed with him the warrant of my arrestation: after the fall of Robespierre, he was seized and imprisoned in his turn, and sentenced to transportation. He has since apologized to me for having signed the warrant, by saying, he felt himself in danger, and was obliged to do it.

"Heraulte Sechelles, an acquaintance of Mr. Jefferson's, and a good patriot, was my suppliant, as member of the Committee of Constitution, that is, he was to supply my place if I had not accepted or had resigned, being next in number of vote to me. He was imprisoned in the Luxembourg, was taken with me to the tribunal and guillotine, and I, his principal, was left.

"There were but two foreigners in the Convention, Anacharsis Clootes and myself. We were both put out of the Convention by the

same vote, arrested by the same order, and carried to prison together the same night. He was taken to the guillotine, and I was again left. Joel Barlow was with us when we went to prison.

"Jos. Lebon, one of the vilest characters that ever existed, and who made the streets of Arras run with blood, was my suppliant as member of the Convention for Pas de Calais. When I was put out of the Convention, he came and took my place. When I was liberated from prison, and voted again into the Convention, he was sent to the same prison, and took my place there, and he went to the guillotine instead of me. He suplied my place all the way through.

"One hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourgh in one night, and a hundred and sixty of them guillotined the next day, of which I now know I was to have been one; and the manner I escaped that fate is curious, and has all the appearance of accident. The room in which I was lodged was on the ground floor, and one of a long range of rooms under a gallery, and the door as it opened outward and flat against the wall, so that, when it was opened, the inside of the door appeared outward, and the contrary when it shut. I had three comrades, fellow-prisoners with me, Joseph Vanhuil, of Bruges, since president of that town, Michael Robins, and Bastivi, of Louvain. When persons by scores and by hundreds were to be taken out of the prison for the guillotine, it was always done in the night,

and those who performed that office had a private mark or signal by which they knew what rooms to go to and what number to take. We, as I have said, were four, and the door of the room was marked, unobserved by us, with that number in chalk; but it happened, if happening is a proper word, that the mark was put on when the door was open, and flat against the wall, and thereby came on the inside when we shut it at night, and the destroying angel passed by it. A few days after this Robespierre fell, and Mr. Munro arrived and reclaimed me, and invited me to his house."—We think it is a pity that Thomas Paine did not also fall!

ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF *THE INDUSTRIOUS BLIND.*

Extracted from a Sketch of the French Capital, written by an English Traveller, and lately published.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a public insult offered to human nature, in the person of some unfortunate blind men belonging to the Hospital of the Quinze-vingts, and repeated daily for the space of two months, suggested to a spectator the idea of avenging it in a manner worthy of a true philanthropist.

In a coffeehouse of the Foire St. Ovide, in Paris, were placed ten blind beggars, muffled up in grotesque dresses and long pointed caps, with large paste-board spectacles on their nose,

without glass: music and lights were set before them; and one of them was characterized as Midas, with the ears of an ass, and the addition of a peacock's tail spread behind him. He sang, while all the others played the same parts of a monotonous tune, without either taste or measure; and the unfeeling public turned into derision the unfortunate actors in this infamous scene. This happened in September 1771.

From that moment, M. VALENTIN HAUY (brother to the celebrated mineralogist of that name) animated by a noble enthusiasm, conceived the project of teaching the blind to write and read, and of placing in their hand books and music, printed by themselves. After employing twelve years in maturing it, at length, in 1784, he ventured to carry it into execution. To so laudable and benevolent a purpose, he devoted all his fortune; and hence originated the establishment known in Paris, since the year 1791, by the title of the NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF THE INDUSTRIOUS BLIND.

Presently M. Hauy found his plan seconded by the Philanthropic Society, and the benefactions and advice of several persons no less distinguished for understanding than benevolence, contributed not a little to encourage his zeal in its prosecution. The following were the primary objects of the establishment.

1. To withdraw the blind from the dangerous paths of idleness.

2. To procure them certain means of subsistence by the execution of pleasant and easy labours.

3. To restore them to society.

4. To console them for their misfortune.

To rescue the blind from idleness is, unquestionably, of itself a great blessing, as it preserves them from an infinite number of vices, and consequently must be approved by the moralist. But another advantage, equally deserving of approbation, is to cause them to find, in their labour, an infallible resource against indigence. Previously to the execution of this beneficent plan, a young blind child, born of poor parents, was reduced to the melancholy and humiliating necessity of standing in a public thoroughfare, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, to beg its bread; and, at present, it has no occasion to owe its livelihood but to its own labour.

The children that M. Hauy had to educate were, in general, of the class of artisans, though a few belonged to that of artists and men of science. Some were born with a little aptitude for mechanical labours, others with a great disposition for the arts and sciences. These considerations naturally pointed out to him his plan of instruction, which is divided into four branches.

1. Handicraft work, viz. spinning, knitting, making of cord, fringe, trimming, ribband, pasteboard, &c.

Task-masters direct the execution of these works, which are as easy to the blind as to the clear-sighted.

2. Education, viz. reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, literature, history, foreign languages, arts and sciences.

This education of blind children is carried on by means of raised work or relief, and is intrusted to other blind people whose education is completed. The latter not only instruct their unfortunate fellow-sufferers, but also the clear-sighted.

The sense of feeling is so refined in blind children, that a pupil, a little informed, becomes perfectly acquainted with maps by handling them: he points out with his finger countries and towns; if a map is presented to him upside down, he places it in a proper manner, and if one map is substituted to another, he instantly discovers the deception.

3. Printing, viz. in black characters, for the public. In relief, for themselves.

In black, they have presented no inconsiderable number of voluminous works, for the use of the public. In relief, they have printed for themselves a catechism, a grammar, and a great quantity of music. No where but at this institution, and at the Museum of the Blind, of which I shall presently speak, is there to be found an office for printing in relief.

4. Music, viz. vocal and instrumental, and composition.

The music of the blind pupils has always been employed with the greatest success in public festivals, playhouses, balls, coffeehouses, and many public and private assemblies. It is impossible to form an adequate idea of the decided taste of the blind for music, and of the consolation which it affords them. Deprived of their eyes, they seem to become all ears.

No sooner had M. Hauy rendered public his first essays, than the learned, and especially the members of the ci-devant Academy of Sciences, stamped them with their approbation, as appears by a Report signed by some of the most distinguished of that body, such as Desmarets, La Rochefoucault, Condorcet, &c. Professors of the arts, cultivated by his pupils, such as printing, music, &c. were equally eager to acknowledge to what an astonishing degree the blind had succeeded in appropriating to themselves the enjoyment of those arts. Three of the first master printers in Paris certified the intelligence and skill of the blind pupils; and a concert was executed by them to the no small satisfaction of the ci-devant Academy of Music.

Persons of every degree now wished to be spectators of the result of these essays. Lewis XVI. sent for the Industrious Blind, their machinery, &c. to Versailles; he visited them when at work, and inspected their several performances, attended by all the royal family, princes of the blood, ministers, ambassadors, &c. After having procured the inhabitants of that town this interesting sight for several successive days, he rewarded the blind with marks of his favor and encouragement.

The government which succeeded to the monarchy shewed no less interest in the progress of M. Hauy's undertaking. The different legislatures which have successively governed France, promoted it by various decrees. In proportion as the number of the pupils increas-

ed, so did the resources of their industrious activity. By a law which was solicited by M. Hauy, and which excited and kept up a singular emulation among his pupils, the blind, in preference to the clear-sighted of equal merit, were admitted to the various secondary employments of the establishment. From that period, the first blind pupils, formed by M. Hauy, being promoted to the functions of teachers, transmitted with success to young blind children, sent for instruction, from different parts of the republic, the first elements of education given them by himself and assistants. By virtue of this law, the office of house-steward was intrusted to Lesueur, a blind pupil who had already discharged it with credit at a banker's.—It will scarcely be believed, no doubt, that a blind man can be a cashier, receive money coming in, either from the public treasury, or from the industry of his brothers in misfortune; make of it a suitable division; buy commodities necessary for life and clothing; introduce the strictest economy into his disbursements; by means of his savings, procure the establishment the implements and machinery of the Industrious Blind; in times of real scarcity, make use of the productions of the labour of the grown blind, to maintain the young blind pupils, and that, with all these concerns on his hands, his accounts should always be ready for inspection.

M. Hauy informs me that out of fifteen or twenty of his old pupils, whom he has connected by the ties of marriage, ten or twelve are fathers; and that they have children more for-

tunate than the authors of their days, since they enjoy the benefit of sight. But the most interesting part of these connexions is, that the blind father (on the principle of the plan before-stated) teaches his clear-sighted son reading, arithmetic, music, and every thing that it is possible to teach without the help of the eyes.

Raised work, or relief, is the simple and general process by means of which M. Hauy forms his pupils, and there are a great number of them whose abilities would excite the pride of many a clear-sighted person. For instance, in addition to the before-mentioned Lesueur, who is an excellent geographer and a good mathematician, might be quoted Huard, a man of erudition and a correct printer; likewise Caillat, a capital performer on the violin, and a celebrated composer. For vocal and instrumental music, printing, and handicraft work, there might be noticed thirty or forty, as well as ten or twelve for knowledge relating to the sciences.

It may not be improper to observe, that M. Hauy always first puts a frame into the hands of his pupils, and that he has made a law, to which he scrupulously adheres, not to lean too much towards the agreeable arts, unless the pupil manifest for them a peculiar disposition.

Hence you may form an idea of the proficiency which these unfortunates attain under the auspices of the benevolent M. Hauy. In the compass of a letter, or even of several letters, it is impossible to develope proceedings which it

is more easy to put into execution than to describe. The process alone of printing in relief would require a vast number of pages, and some plates, in order to make it perfectly intelligible; but the greater part of what composes these branches of instruction is amply detailed in a work, which I shall communicate to you, entitled 'Essai sur l'Education des Aveugles, par Valentin Hauy, auteur de la manière de les instruire,' printed under the sanction of the ci-devant Academy of Sciences.

By a law on public education, passed in July 1796, several establishments were to be founded in favor of blind children, in the principal towns of the republic; but in consequence of the political changes which have since occurred in the government, it has never been carried into execution.

In October 1800, the consuls decreed that the National Institution of the Industrious Blind should be united to the hospital of the Quinze-vingts, together with the soldiers who had lost their sight in Egypt. M. Hauy is shortly to be honored by a pension, as a reward for the services which he has bestowed on those afflicted with blindness. At the present moment, he is engaged in founding a second establishment, of a similar nature, which is to take the name of

MUSEUM OF THE BLIND.

On my asking M. Hauy, whether he would not retire, as it was intended he should, on his pension? "This favor of the government," re-

plied he, " I consider as a fresh obligation, silently imposed on me, to continue to be of service to the blind. The first establishment, supported and paid by the nation, belonged to to the poor. In forming the second," added he, " I have yielded to the wishes of parents in easy circumstances, who were desirous of giving to their blind children a liberal education."

I have already mentioned, that, agreeably to M. Hauy's plan, the blind instruct the clear-sighted; and in this Museum, which is situated Rue Sainte Avoi, Hotel de Méme, No. 19, the former are to be seen directing a class of fifty youth, whom they instruct in every branch before mentioned, writing excepted. It is also in contemplation to teach a blind pupil pasigraphy, or universal language, invented by Demaimieux.

M. Hauy details to strangers every part of his plan with the most patient and obliging attention. When he had concluded, I could not avoid expressing a wish that the art of instructing the blind in the fullest extent might be speedily introduced among all nations. " After having paid to my country," rejoined M. Hauy, " the merited homage of my invention, my anxiety to contribute to the relief of the afflicted, wherever they may be found, gives birth to the desire of propagating, as much as possible, an institution which enlightened men and philanthropists have been pleased to recommend to the attention of foreigners and to the esteem of my countrymen, as may be seen by consulting different literary publications from

the year 1785 down to the present time, particularly the new French Encyclopædia, at the article Aveugle.

" I should," added he, " perform a task very agreeable to my feelings in concurring, by my advice and knowledge, to lay in England the foundation of an establishment of a description similar to either of those which I have founded in Paris. One of my pupils in the art of instructing the blind, M. Grancher, a member of several learned societies in France, and possessed of my means and method, would voluntarily devote his talents and experience to the success of such an undertaking, to which he is himself strongly attached through philanthropy and zeal for my reputation."—" I am persuaded," interrupted I, " that were the advantages of such an establishment made public in England, it would receive the countenance and support of every friend of human nature." " It is an unquestionable fact," concluded M. Hauy, " that an institution of fifty blind, well conducted, ought, by their labour, to produce more than would defray its expenses. I have already even tried with success to apply to the English tongue my method of reading, which is so contrived for the French language, that I need not give more than two or three lessons to a blind child, in order to enable him to teach himself to read without the further help of any master."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADDISON.

THIS great writer, in his description of the battle of Schellenburgh, addresses himself to the hero of his poem of the Campaign, the Duke of Marlborough, and nobly upbraids him with being too rash, and not taking sufficient care of that life on which so much depended.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations, anxious for thy life, abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate;
Thou liv'st not for thyself———

It is probable that Mr. Addison, when he wrote these lines, had Lucan in his eye, who, in his description of the battle of Pharsalia, calls out to Brutus not to rush upon the swords of his enemies, but to preserve his life for the good of his country.

ADDISON AND MILTON'S DAUGHTER.

MILTON'S only daughter, whom he had taught to read Greek to him, though she did not understand it, was represented to Mr. Addison to be in great distress, even to the want of common necessaries; whereupon he set about making a collection for her amongst his parti-

cular friends, and presented her with a purse containing one hundred guineas.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

THE following incident accurred lately in Berkshire. A gig with two persons, dressed as gentlemen, was overturned some distance from Reading, and one of those persons had his leg broken, and was otherwise so desperately hurt that he expired next morning. However, immediately after the accident, the deceased was removed to an adjacent private house, and a surgeon was sent for, who, upon examining the wounds of the deceased, saw his situation was dangerous, and recommended him to settle his affairs. The deceased replied that he had nothing particular to settle. The surgeon informed him, that his case was such that he felt it necessary to remain in the house all night to attend him. There being only two vacant beds in the house, the surgeon slept in the same bed with the companion of the deceased. About four o'clock in the morning he was called up to see the deceased, whose illness was much aggravated. The surgeon found upon him all the symptoms of approaching dissolution, and again exhorted him to settle his affairs, to which the same answer as before was given :— "But," exclaimed he, "send me the *girl* that accompanied me." The surgeon's bedfellow was accordingly sent for, and she remained with the deceased until his death, which took place a few hours afterwards.

This melancholy catastrophe has not been sufficient to prevent a good deal of laughter in the neighbourhood at this curious *denouement*.—It appears that the deceased was a respectable inhabitant of London, a married man, and the father of several children, and that the companion alluded to has lived with him as his *servant man* for many years, and always travelled with him.

VENICE DESCRIBED BY THE CELEBRATED MR. ADDISON.

"THE carnival of Venice is every where talked of. The great diversion of the place at that time, as well as on all other high occasions, is masking. The Venetians, who are naturally grave, love to give in to the follies and entertainments of such seasons, when disguised in a false personage. They are indeed under a necessity of finding out diversions that may agree with the nature of the place, and make amends for the loss of several pleasures which may be met with on the continent. These disguises give occasion to abundance of love adventures; for there is something more intriguing in the amours of Venice than in those of other countries; and I question not but the secret history of a carnival would make a collection of very diverting novels. Operas are another great entertainment of this season. The poetry of them is generally as exquisitely ill, as the music is good. The arguments are often taken from some celebrated action of the ancient

Greeks or Romans, which sometimes looks ridiculous enough: for who can endure to hear one of the rough old Romans squeaking through the mouth of an eunuch, especially when they may choose a subject out of courts where eunuchs are really actors, or represent by them any of the soft Asiatic monarchs? The opera that was most in vogue during my stay at Venice, was built on the following subject: Cæsar and Scipio are rivals for Cato's daughter. Cæsar's first words bid his soldiers fly, for the enemies are upon them. 'Si leve Cæsare, e dice a soldati, A la fugga, a la scampo.' The daughter gives the preference to Cæsar, which is made the occasion of Cato's death. Before he kills himself, you see him withdraw into his library, where, among his books, I observed the titles of Plutarch and Tasso. After a short soliloquy, he strikes himself with the dagger that he holds in his hand; but, being interrupted by one of his friends, he stabs him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs, so that he is forced to dispatch himself by tearing up his first wound.

"The Italian poets, besides the celebrated smoothness of their tongue, have a particular advantage above the writers of other nations, in the difference of their prose and poetic language. There are indeed sets of phrases that in all countries are peculiar to the poets; but among the Italians, there are not only sentences, but a multitude of particular words that never enter into common discourse. They have such

a different turn and polishing for poetical use, that they drop several of their letters, and appear in another form when they come to be arranged in verse. For this reason the Italian opera seldom sinks into a poorness of language, but, amidst all the meanness and familiarity of the thoughts, has something beautiful and sonorous in the expression. Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many strained allegories that are so much in use among the writers in this nation. The English and French, who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures; or by the pompousness of the whole phrase, to wear off any littleness that appears in the peculiar parts that compose it.

"This makes our blank vere, where there is no rhime to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters in the tongue, especially when they write on low subjects; and it is probably for this reason that Milton has made use of such frequent transpositions, Latinisms, antiquated words and phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expressions.

"The comedies that I saw at Venice, or indeed in any other part of Italy, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other countries. Their poets have no notion of genteel comedy, and fall into the most filthy double meanings imaginable when they have a mind

to make their audience merry. There is no part generally so wretched as that of the fine gentleman, especially when he converses with his mistress; for then the whole dialogue is an insipid mixture of pedantry and romance. But it is no wonder that the poets of so jealous and reserved a nation fall into such conversation on the stage, as they have no patterns of in nature. They have four standing characters that enter into every piece that comes upon the stage: the doctor, harlequin, pantaloon, and coviello. The doctor's character comprehends the whole extent of a pedant, that with a deep voice and a magisterial air breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him; every thing he says is backed with quotations out of Galen, Hippocrates, Plato, Virgil, or any author that rises uppermost, and all answers from his companions are looked upon as impertinences or interruptions. Harlequin's part is made up of blunders and absurdities: he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over queens, and to run his head against every post that stands in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man who is sensible of the folly of the part, can hardly forbear being pleased with it. I have seen a translation of the Cid acted at Bologna, which would never have taken had they not found a place in it for these buffoons. All four of them appear in masks, that are made like the old Roman personæ.—The French and Italians have probably derived this custom of shewing some of their characters

in masks from the Greek and Roman theatre. The old Vatican Terence has, at the head of every scene, the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguises in which they acted; and I remember to have seen, in the villa Matthio, an antique statue, masked, which was perhaps designed for Gnatho in the Eunuch, for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the Vatican manuscript.—One would wonder, indeed, how so polite a people as the ancient Romans and Athenians, should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural: they might do very well for a Cyclops or a satyr, that can have no resemblance in human features; but for a flatterer, a miser, or the like characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their looks by a painted vizard. In persons of this nature, the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action. Could we suppose that a mask represented ever so naturally the general humour of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single person in the whole course of a play. The grimace may be proper on some occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The rabble indeed are generally pleased at the first entry of a disguise, but the jest grows cold even with them too, when it comes on the stage in a second scene."

THE LATE METEOR.

THE meteor seen on Sunday, Nov. 13, 1803, between 8 and 9 o'clock, attracted the notice of all those who happened to see it, for a considerable distance round the metropolis. It had an oval form, and was followed by sparks, which gave it somewhat the appearance of having a tail. It emitted a very vivid blue light. It moved with great velocity in a north west direction, and disappeared by entering a thick black cloud: a few seconds after which a most awful rumbling noise, like distant thunder, or a heavy discharge of artillery was heard; the whole of the metropolis was illuminated by it. The passengers in Leicester-fields were particularly affected by it, and several females were so much alarmed by it that they screamed out. It was observed near the Horse Guards, in Westminster, to pass about 28 or 30 degrees to the southward of the zenith, and about 28 or 29 minutes after the hour of eight by that clock, which is well and constantly regulated to true or near time; the whole time the light occasioned by the meteor lasted was not estimated to exceed five or six seconds.

Between eight and nine o'clock on Sunday night, the same ball of fire appeared over Lewes, which for several seconds illumined the hemisphere in an extraordinary manner. A person returning from Brighton, on the roof of a coach, asserts, the light was so strong, that it enabled him to see, not only the cattle and

sheep in the distant meadows, but also the shipping at sea. Its bursting was felt at several houses, which it actually shook, and so alarmed their inhabitants, that they started from their seats, as if in fear of being overwhelmed with destruction.

On Sunday evening the inhabitants of Rochester and neighbourhood were much alarmed by the uncommon luminous meteor already mentioned. The light was so great for the space of a minute, that objects were discerned at a considerable distance: it was followed by a tremulous noise. It was also seen at Dover, Cranbrook, Chelmsford, Southampton, &c.

This phenomenon is not calculated to excite that terror and dread which in the dark ages of superstition the designing were wont to raise. A comparison of well authenticated facts authorize a conclusion that similar events are by no means uncommon; but by happening in the day-time, or after the inhabitants have in general retired to rest, they are observed but by few; and the relation, if made, disregarded; and it is perhaps as much owing to the time of the evening in which this meteor appeared, as to its magnitude and brilliancy, that it has excited so much curiosity.

ALCUIN.

A DIALOGUE.

(Continued from page 183.)

I SHALL not stop to describe the company, or to dwell on those embarrassments and awkwardnesses always incident to an unpolished wight like me. Suffice it to say, that I was in a few minutes respectfully withdrawn into a corner, and fortunately a near neighbour of the lady. To her, after much deliberation and forethought, I addressed myself thus: "Pray, madam, are you a federalist?"

The theme of discourse was political. The edicts of Carnot, and the commentary of that profound jurist, Peter Porcupine, had furnished ample materials of discussion. This was my hint. The question, to be sure, was strange; especially addressed to a lady: but I could not, by all my study, light upon a better mode of beginning discourse. She did not immediately answer. I resumed—"I see my question produces a smile and a pause."

"True," said she; "a smile may well be produced by its novelty, and a pause by its difficulty."

"Is it so hard to say what your creed is on this subject? Judging from the slight observations of this evening, I should imagine that to you the theme was far from being new."

She answered, that "she had been often called upon to listen to discussions of this sort,

but did not recollect when her opinion had been asked."

"Will you favor me," said I, "with your opinion, notwithstanding?"

"Surely," she replied, "you are in jest. What! ask a woman—shallow and inexperienced as all women are known to be, especially with regard to these topics—her opinion on any political question! What, in the name of decency, have we to do with politics? If you inquire the price of this ribbon, or at what shop I purchased that set of china, I may answer you, though I am not sure you would be wiser for my answer. These things, you know, belong to the women's province. We are surrounded by men and politicians. You must observe that they consider themselves in an element congenial to their sex and station. The daringness of female curiosity is well known; yet it is seldom so adventurous as to attempt to penetrate into the mysteries of government."

"It must be owned," said I, "there is sufficient reason for this forbearance. Most men have trades; but every woman has a trade:—they are universally trained to the use of the needle, and the government of a family. No wonder that they should be most willing to handle topics that are connected with their daily employment, and the arts in which they are proficient. Merchants may be expected to dwell with most zeal on the prices of the day, and those numerous incidents, domestic and foreign, by which commerce is affected. Lawyers may quote the clauses of a law, or the arti-

cles of a treaty, without forgetting their profession, or travelling, as they phrase it, out of the record. Physicians will be most attached to livid carcases and sick beds. Women are most eloquent on a fan or a tea-cup—on the furniture of the nursery, or the qualifications of a chamber-maid. How should it be otherwise? In so doing, the merchant, the lawyer, the physician, and the matron, may all equally be said to stick to their lasts. Doubtless every one's last requires some or much of his attention: the only fault lies in sometimes allowing it wholly to engross the faculties, and often in overlooking considerations that are of the utmost importance to them, even as members of a profession."

"Well," said the lady, "now you talk reasonably. Your inference is, that women occupy their proper sphere when they confine themselves to the tea-table and their work-bag: but this sphere, whatever you may think, is narrow. They are obliged to wander, at times, in search of variety. Most commonly they digress into scandal; and this has been their eternal reproach; with how much reason, perhaps, you can tell me."

"Most unjustly, as it seems to me. Women profit by ther opportunities. They are trained to a particular art. Their minds are, of course, chiefly occupied by images and associations drawn from this art. If this be blameable, it is not more so in them than in others—it is a circumstance that universally takes place. It is by no means clear, that a change in this respect

is either possible or desirable. The arts of women are far from contemptible, whether we consider the skill that is required by them, or, which is a better criterion, their usefulness in society. They are more honorable than many professions allotted to the men; those of soldier and barber for example; on one of which we may justly bestow all the contempt, and, on the other, all the abhorrence we have to spare. But tho' we may strive, we can never extinguish in women, the best principle of human nature, curiosity. We cannot shut them out from all commerce with the world. We may nearly withhold from them all knowledge of the past, because that is chiefly contained in books; and it is possible to interdict them from reading, or, to speak more accurately, withhold from them those incitements to study, which no human beings bring into the world with them, but must owe to external and favorable occurrences. But they must be, in some degree, witnesses of what is passing. There is a limited sphere, in which they are accurate observers: they see and hear somewhat of the actions and characters of those around them; these are, of course, remembered, become the topic of reflection, and, when opportunity offers, they delight to produce and compare them. All this is perfectly natural and reasonable. I cannot, for my life, discover any causes of censure in it."

"Very well, indeed," cried the lady, "I am glad to meet so zealous an advocate. I am ready enough to adopt a plausible apology for the peculiarities of women. And yet it is a

new doctrine that would justify triflers and slanderers. According to this system, it would be absurd to blame those who are perpetually prying into other people's affairs, and industriously blazoning every disadvantageous or suspicious tale."

"My dear madam, you mistake me. Artists may want skill; historians may be partial. Far be it from me to applaud the malignant or the stupid. Ignorance and envy are no favorites of mine, whether they have or have not a chin to be shaved; but nothing would be more grossly absurd, than to suppose these defects to be peculiar to female artists, or the historians of the tea-table. When these defects appear in the most flagrant degree, they are generally capable of an easy apology. If the sexes had, in reality, separate interests, and it were not absurd to set more value on qualifications, on account of their belonging to one of our own sex, it is the women who may justly triumph. Together with power and property, the men have likewise asserted their superior claim to vice and folly."

"If I understand you rightly," said the lady, "you are of opinion that the sexes are essentially equal."

"It appears to me," answered I, "that human beings are moulded by the circumstances in which they are placed. In this they are all alike. The differences that flow from the sexual distinction, are as nothing in the balance."

"And yet women are often reminded that none of their sex are to be found among the

formers of states, and the instructors of mankind—that Pythagoras, Lycurgus, and Socrates, Newton and Locke, were not women."

"True; nor were they mountain savages, nor helots, nor shoemakers. You might as well expect a Laplander to write Greek spontaneously, and without instruction, as that any one should be wise or skilful, without suitable opportunities. I humbly presume one has a better chance of becoming an astronomer by gazing at the stars through a telescope, than in eternally plying the needle or snapping the scissars. To settle a bill of fare, to lard a pig, to compose a pudding, to carve a goose, are tasks that do not, in any remarkable degree, tend to instil the love, or facilitate the acquisition of literature and science. Nay, I do not form prodigious expectations even of one who reads a novel or comedy once a month, or chants once a day to her harpsichord the hunter's foolish invocation to Phœbus or Cynthia. Women are generally superficial and ignorant, because they are generally cooks and sempstresses. Men are the slaves of habit. It is doubtful whether the career of the species will ever terminate in knowledge. Certain it is, they began in ignorance. Habit has given permanence to errors which ignorance had previously rendered universal. They are prompt to confound things which are really distinct; and to persevere in a path to which they have been accustomed. Hence it is that certain employments have been exclusively assigned to women, and that their sex is supposed to dis-

qualify them for any other. Women are defective. They are seldom or never metaphysicians, chemists, or lawgivers. Why? Because they are sempstresses and cooks. This is unavoidable. Such is the unalterable constitution of human nature. They cannot read who never saw an alphabet. They who know no tool but the needle, cannot be skilful at the pen."

(To be continued in our next.)

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

WHO can behold the face of nature, at this season of the year, and not lament its dreary appearance? The leaves have lost their beautiful verdure, and, as in a mirror, represent the transitory nature of all sublunary things. "He builds too low," saith the poet, "who builds beneath the stars."

Our bodies are like the leaves, subject to decay: however they may flourish for a time, and appear beautiful, death soon causes the fairest cheek to fade, and lays all our towering hopes in the grave. Youth is not exempt from the ravages of death, for the youngest and the most healthy may die the soonest. Learning and piety will not protect us from death: the most wise are mingled with the dead, and lie promiscuous with the foolish.

There is no respect of persons in the common war of mortality: the king must die as well as the beggar; the earl as well as the peasant; the magistrate as well as the people; the preacher as well as his hearers. Different calamities carry off mankind: the plague, which swept away thousands, as mentioned in the Old Testament. In a more recent date, in the metropolis of our kingdom, died 35,417 persons; at another time, 68,586. The pestilence, which destroyed, in the days of King David, 70,000 men. Famine, which has swept away many inhabitants, as for instance, those of Samaria. Earthquakes, which destroyed the inhabitants of Lisbon and Messina. War, which has desolated the greatest part of the world.

Our possessions are likewise subject to decay. Job, the richest man of the east to-day, is the poorest to-morrow. What unexpected revolutions happen to empires! The kingdom of Israel; the Babylonian monarchy; the kingdom of the Medes and Persians; the Grecian monarchy; the kingdom of the Romans; the kingdom of France. What strange and awful judgments happen to despoil the beauty of cities, and to dispossess the owners of their property. In the great fire at London, we are informed from chronology, that 13,200 houses were burnt, besides 89 churches, and many other edifices. How did the sword of Titus devastate the beautiful city of Jerusalem, together with her magnificent temple! A time will come when the great globe itself will be destroyed.

Our relations and friends may soon fade, as the leaves; however we may now esteem them, death will take no denial. Neither the most beloved partner, nor darling child, will be spared, if God send the summons of death.—Our comforts are also fluctuating, and may soon decay. Happiness is not the portion of mortals: it is designed for a better world. May all changing scenes have a tendency to bring us to that happly place!

Ebley. T. M.

ON THE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

(Concluded from page 140)

IT is very remarkable that the barbarians who conquered Rome, soon adopted their customs relative to women. They married their virgins under a pavilion, in token of modesty, and their widows in the open air.

Among the ancients, marriages were for a long time celebrated without the aid of priests, and were simply contracted in the courts of justice, in the presence of the magistrates and the parents. At length Soter, the fifth successor of Peter, conceiving that he should thus establish the authority, and add to the dignity of the clergy, decreed that no woman could henceforth be lawfully married, except by a priest.

In the most distant ages, it appears, that marriage was nothing more than the sale of a

woman to a man. It has been already observed, that the pieces of silver or gold given on those occasions are imitations of this ancient practice. The establishment of polygamy and concubinage was the original basis of the tyranny of men over women. This tyranny was employed in a thousand instances, and jealousy only increased it. We perceive among the Hindoos a restless aud cruel anxiety upon this subject.—When a man leaves a woman for any length of time, he twists together two branches of a tree. If on his return he finds them as he left them, he is satisfied that his wife is faithful; but if he perceives the least alteration, he chastises her in the most cruel manner; and every proof of her innocence, however incontestible, is disregarded.

If we may credit some ancient authors, the Egyptians, in contracting marriage, always promised to be obedient to their wives; from which circumstance we may presume, that the women must have had a superior voice in the legislature, to have obtained such a privilege. The women of the Mariane Isles possessed this prerogative in a great extent. All the household furniture and moveables were their exclusive property; and the husband could dispose of nothing without their permission. If the husband was quarrelsome or obstinate, or irregular in his conduct, the wife was authorised to punish him, or to leave him. If a husband detected his wife in adultery, he might put to death the gallant; but he was not permitted to bestow the least ill treatment upon his wife:—

but if, on the other hand, a wife was convinced of the infidelity of her husband, she had a right to inflict upon him what punishment she thought proper, and could call upon all the women in the neighbourhood to assist her in inflicting it. Armed with the spears and helmets of their husbands, they proceeded to the habitation of the delinquent, rooted up his plantations, destroyed his crops, and having laid waste every thing without, they entered the dwelling like furies, and destroyed that also. Woe to the master, who had not received timely notice to escape!——But even when a woman had no cause to complain of her husband, when he simply ceased to be agreeable to her, she had nothing more to do than to declare to her parents that she would live with him no longer.

A writer of the last century asserts, that when the Grand Seignor gives his sister or daughter in marriage, he thus addresses them: "I give you this man, that henceforth he may become your slave; and if he should happen to offend you, or disobey you, strike off his head with this scymetar." The same author adds, that the princess always wears this sabre at her side, as a symbol of her authority.

In other countries, the laws authorised the husbands themselves to punish the infidelity of their wives. In Sweden and in Denmark, the husband who detects his wife in adultery, may with impunity slay her on the spot, and incapacitate the seducer from ever again committing the same crime. Among some of the Tartar tribes, the husband often sacrifices the life of

his wife upon the slightest suspicion of infidelity; and nothing more than suspicion is necessary to induce many of the Oriental chiefs to bury their wives and concubines up to the chin, and then leave them to endure a long and painful agony before they die. When the Grand Seignor suspects any of his women, he causes them to be sewed up in a sack and thrown into a canal. Among the Germans, when a husband detects his wife in adultery, he cuts off her hair in the presence of her parents, drives her quite naked out of his house, and whips her through the streets of the city. The Chinese, among whom the sense of honor is less powerful, coolly sell their unfaithful wives to the slave merchants. In Louisiana, in Pegue, at Siam, and in Cochin-China, on the other hand, adultery is an honorable distinction. The inhabitants offer their wives to strangers, and consider a refusal of their favors as an insult to the beauties of their wives.

Herodotus mentions a people called Gendanes, whose women boasted of their lewdness. The custom of their country authorised them to add a flounce or border to their garment, for every lover upon whom they had bestowed their favors; and she who wore the greatest number of these flounces or borders, was the most envied by her own sex, and the most admired by ours.

If this custom is contrary to constancy, to reason, and to decency, it possesses at least a species of consistency not to be met with in the conduct of the men of our age, who employ

every means of seduction to deprave the women, and yet occupy their whole life in calumniating them.

ASSESSED TAXES.

From the Act of Parliament just published.

AS many of our readers may consider the following of considerable interest, we have been induced to insert it. The act is very long, and includes nine different taxes. We confine ourselves to a brief account of the annexed duties.

ON WINDOWS.

	In England. L.	S.	D.	*In Scotland.* L.	S.	D.
Not more than six lights (except in such houses as are worth 5l. a year rent, and which are charged accordingly as inhabited houses) per annum.....	0	6	3	0	4	0
Not more than six windows or lights, if 5l. rent, and charged to the duty accordingly.....	0	8	0	0	6	0
Seven windows or lights	0	18	6	0	16	6
Eight ditto	1	10	0	1	8	0
Nine ditto	1	18	0	1	16	0
Ten ditto.....	2	10	0	2	8	0

The act then charges 15s. in addition to the above for every window which the house may contain from 10 to 39, so that 39 are charged 24l. 5s. in England, and 24l. 3s. in Scotland.

At 40 it varies the mode, and includes from 40 to 44 for the same charge, viz. 25l. 15s. and so on for every window till we come to 59, an addition of 2l. 10s. is charged, making the duty on that number, 33l. 5s. for England, and 33l. 3s. for Scotland.

From 60 to 69, both inclusive, is 35l. 9s. and 2s. less for Scotland, as before.

From 65 to 69, and so on to 95, 99, an addition of 2l. for each 5 lights, making that number liable to pay .....

	In England. L.	S.	D.	*In Scotland.* L	S.	D.
	49	9	0	49	7	0
From 100 to 109....	52	9	0	52	7	0
It then goes progressively by tens, charging additional 4l. for each— making 110 to 119....	56	9	0	56	7	0
170 to 179	80	9	0	80	7	0
Houses with 180 windows are charged.....	83	9	0	82	18	0

And all above that, 2s. 6d. for every additional light.

ON INHABITED HOUSES.—Every inhabited house, which, together with its out-offices, gardens, &c. shall be worth the annual rent hereafter mentioned, shall pay so much in the pound, according to the rent as it is here specified:

From 5l. to any sum under 20l.....	0	1	4
20l. under 40l.	0	2	0
40l. and upwards	0	2	8

THE PROPERTY TAX.

Under the operation of the new act, no person is called upon to return an account of his income, unless he chooses to do so voluntarily, for the purpose of obtaining some exemption or abatement of charge.

Those who have property in land, or who occupy lands or houses as tenants, who have money in the public funds, or any corporation stock, or lent on mortgage, bond, or any other security, bearing annual interest, within Great Britain, or who possess any office, salary, annuity, or allowance, whether public or private, are only required to sign the general declaration prefixed to the return, viz. "That they are not possessed of any property, or engaged in any profession, trade, adventure, or concern, of which they are required, or ought to deliver any statement according to the act."

It may not, however, be amiss to observe, that the most convenient mode of payment for money in the funds, will be, either to make a separate return of it to the commissioners for the city of London, or to pay 5 per cent. on the dividends as they arise, into the Bank, and to take a receipt, specifying the stock on account of which the payment is made; which receipt must be sent to the office of the commissioners for the city of London.

Those who are engaged in trade or professions, or who have property or securities in Ireland, or abroad, must, indeed, either make a

return of their profits so arising, to the commissioners, who are sworn to secrecy, or if they desire a more complete concealment, may be charged by a secret reference in the mode pointed out in the 117th section of the act. But they are not bound to make any return of other property they may possess, of any of the various descriptions before enumerated; and therefore the real state of their circumstances cannot possibly be known even by the commissioners.

It therefore appears, that where no exemption or abatement is claimed, no disclosure of circumstances will take place, and the party will scarcely suffer any trouble or inconvenience beyond the mere diminution of his income by the amount of the tax, which will be collected from him almost imperceptibly.

But the act requires, that where the party chooses to disclose his circumstances, the disclosure shall be accurate and full, in order to enable the commissioners to guard as much as possible against any imposition; and for this the forms of return now distributing have been prepared; and which, though unavoidably somewhat complicated and intricate, will be found, with a little attention, as intelligible as the nature of the subject will admit.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

From the Rev. Mr. Corfe to Mr. R. N.

DEAR SIR, Wayford, May 2, 1767.

A BAD cold, rendered much worse by Axminster fair, has, in a manner, disqualified me from taking pen in hand. For when the wheels of the cogitative machine are so heavily clogged, its motions must be irregular, and its destination uncertain. And is not this evidently the case of the state machine? Where is the Apollo that marks out the orb wherein it moves, or ascertain the laws of motion by which it is directed? Can it be treason to say, that the present system of politics seems to be another Proteus, continually assuming various forms, and that the theatre at ——— is crowded with Rosicsusian actors? O rare Earl Chatham! Are all thy patriotic schemes rendered abortive, and dwindled down to a fairy dance? I know not how it is, but the great officers of state seem to me to be, like insects, the creature or a day! For a while they flutter and bask in the sunshine of the court: but suddenly disappear, and sink into oblivion! Would the elegiac muse but exert herself, what a copious matter might the many exits of placemen afford her! And after all, don't you think, my friend, that the ——— itself must be in a woeful pickle, when infested with so many flesh-flies continually buzzing about it?

O! let ambition ne'er me cheat,
Nor tempt with honor's gilded bait:
I know that round the princely seat
Ten thosand spectres always wait.

Let Crœsus view his growing store,
And pant with thirst of sordid gain;
My soul contemns the glittering ore,
With sorrow lost, possess'd with pain!

The flower of life will soon decay,
And all must reach the Stygian shore:
I'll make the most of life I may,
Nor wish to enjoy the miser's more!

Forgive, I pray, the feeble efforts of an expiring muse, which chants this dismal ditty, from a full conviction, that vanity in capitals may be read on every scene which this terrestrial elysium affords! How happy for the soul that she is doomed to inhabit other regions, where infinite wisdom shall engage the most inquisitive attention, and boundless perfection excite the most ardent love; where pain shall cease, and pleasure be endless!

To say the truth, I am grown so much an hermit, and become so indifferent to what passes on the stage of politics, that I begin to regard the wisdom of the nation as an individium vagum, always fluctuating, established on no solid principles, and pointing to no determinate end. Most certain it is, that the laws of Great Britain are not like those of the Medes and Persians. To naturalize the Jews and tax the Americans, shall, at one time, be recommended

as a just and righteous measure; at another, regarded as a monster hideous and frightful.—What magic virtue attends the ministerial pencil, which, with a single stroke, occasionally gives new features to the constitution, and causes justice and equity to appear in different forms!

But let the times speak for themselves—it is not my design to draw out an estimate of them, and therefore I shall cease to trouble you with these home-spun remarks, which you perhaps will regard as the effusions of a cynical temper, or the offspring of a distempered brain.

I am, &c.

J. CORPE.

P. S. I had almost forgot to congratulate you on the important news lately communicated to the public—I mean that Rousseau (that quintessence of whim and singularity, the Quaker in literature) has vouchsafed to descend from the highest pinnacle of pride and self-sufficiency, and demean himself so far as to accept a pension from the court of G. B.!—Would it not have been a higher compliment, and more suitable to his taste (not to mention merit) to have dispatched him to the Cape of Good Hope, with a commission to form a code or body of laws for the Hottentots, among whom he might have seen *nature in perfection*—a fine soil to raise Emilius's in!

OBADIAH.

AN ALLEGORICAL TALE.

From Mrs. Palmerstone's Letters to her Daughter, just published.

OBADIAH was the son of Naphor and Fatima. The condition of his parents was humble, their desires were few: amongst these, the most powerful was their wish to see Obadiah virtuous, and contented in that retreat where they themselves had found an asylum from a world in which they had been betrayed, and from which they here saw as sure a refuge for the innocence of their son as it had proved to their own. The habitation of Naphor was well calculated to answer their purposes of prudence, and the pressing necessities of that hour which had first conducted them to it, for it was almost inaccessible to human footsteps.

It stood at the base of a stupendous chain of rocks, thrown by the hand of nature into a sweeping and bold amphitheatrical form; to the extremities of which seemed linked the source and the mouth of a rapid river, which inclosed the dwelling of Naphor, and gave fertility to the narrow boundary of soil, from which, with labour, he obtained a scanty harvest. The indefatigable Naphor supplied this deficiency from the abundant treasures of the stream, which not only furnished his simple board with plenty, but also delicacies which these children of nature estimated only by their usefulness.—

Naphor had carefully turned to profit a small boat, in which he had once found safety, and reached his present shelter. At stated times he repaired to a large town on the opposite side of the river; but which was too remote to be seen, and by much too distant to be feared. He never entered it; but, after exchanging his commodity for necessaries which contributed to the comforts of his beloved Fatima and his child, returned home, without having any other communication than with a man who found his own advantage in his fidelity.

During these stated intervals of absence, the active and industrious Obadiah was employed in the cultivation of a little garden, together with a field of rice and other pulse, and which lost nothing of their produce under the diligent eye of Obadiah. The rising sun was welcomed by his cheerful voice, and its last parting ray after sunk beneath the horizon unnoticed, till he was summoned to the evening repast. Thus passed the first season of youth with the contented Obadiah; his heart the abode of innocence, and his hours winged by peace. The death of his mother was the first sorrow he knew, and he bewailed her loss with that bitterness which the ingenuous and inexperienced heart feels under the unlooked-for and unsuspected trials of its strength. The resigned and pious Naphor, better prepared, bowed in meek submission to a stroke that threatened to annihilate the remaining comforts of his life: with a firm confidence he sought consolation in hopes which conducted him beyond the grave of his lamented

Fatima, and the prospect of a reunion softened the pangs of separation. He tenderly strove to console the afflicted Obadiah, but failed in his efforts; and with regret he beheld him daily a prey to dejection and unavailing grief. But, alas! he knew not that the sorrow of his son had for its source a cause far removed from the one he strove to mitigate, whilst it endeared him to his heart.

Discontent brooded in the mind of Obadiah; he passed his days in repining, and his repose was broken and restless. To evade his father's pious exhortations, he passed hours by his mother's grave, regarding his accustomed occupations with disgust, and his usual labour as insupportable toil. "What!" said he fretfully, "always this stubborn soil! always these rugged and desolate paths! Does life afford nothing to the miserable Obadiah, but the harassing concern of providing a scanty sustenance for an existence that he neither solicited nor enjoys? Is there nothing in this world for the children of mortality but labour and a grave?—Surely I am the victim of an usurped authority! the passive slave of timidy, and of the cold caution of one who, having outlived enjoyment himself, believes that I have no right to the pleasures or the pursuits of youth!"

Obadiah at length importuned his father to give up to him the charge of conducting the boat. He had hitherto gratefully acknowledged the goodness and wisdom which had spared him the fatigue and peril of the untried navigation: but now, neither the obedience nor the

affection of a child was ready to meet the gentle though firm denial of Naphor. Obadiah murmured—he expostulated—and finished by sullen silence. The good father saw the pertinacity of his son with sorrow.

"Thou knowest not," said he to him with mildness, "the nature of that boon which thou hast demanded so urgently, nor that the regret which has followed my refusal tends to ingratitude. The voyage that thou so fondly covetest is intricate and dangerous. Thou knowest not the course into which thy fragile bark may be forced, amidst tremendous billows and a boisterous element; no pilot hath hitherto been found, who with unerring judgment hath been able to mark the devious way. The most skilful navigator, and the stoutest vessel, share in the common peril; and few, indeed, are the number who reach the destined haven without loss and trouble; whilst the victims of its fury, and the dupes of its treachery, are innumerable. I have, in my acquired knowledge of this adventurous course, paid a price which thou art unable to estimate; and, experienced as I am, I dare not trust to my own wisdom or prudence. I know that my vigilance is in constant danger of being surprised; and that my wisdom is folly, unaided by our great prophet. Be not, therefore, proud of thy strength and vigour; trust not to thy courage and address. Alas! my son, in the voyage upon which thou so ardently desirest to venture, these advantages resemble the glossy surface of the untroubled waters, and, like them, smile but to betray.

"Be thankful for thy present security. Allah, in his own time, will call upon thee for thy destined duties; at present it is his merciful will that thou remain here in peace." The boat was ready, and Naphor departed.

Obadiah, troubled but not convinced, now listlessly turned his reluctant steps to the little garden, which languished for its master's wonted care. Discontented and displeased, he found the invigorating beams of the morning sun oppressive, and with fretful impatience threw himself under the shade of a spreading palm-tree, and covered his face with his robe.

A deep sleep pervaded his senses, and left the outstretched and passive Obadiah no other evidences of existence than those which fancy fabricated from the materials which she found in his disturbed mind. He thought that he had availed himself of his father's absence to effect his escape from the cottage, by climbing the rocks which surrounded it. In his waking reveries Obadiah had frequently meditated on this project, but had as constantly found it opposed by the apparent impracticability of the undertaking, from the stupendous height of the rocks, and the solid uniform texture of their flinty sides. He now, however, found nothing to impede his progress, but was wafted with airy velocity to the opposite side. The exultation of Obadiah was short: he found himself on a naked and desolate plain, "where meagre famine sat in solitary state;" and discomfited and disappointed, he turned with anguish to survey the paths that led to the rocks

he had left. He gazed in stupid wonder; for, far as his eyes could stretch, he beheld around the same flat and arid face of nature. He lamented his folly in all the wild expressions of despair, and sinking to the earth, gave himself up, as he thought, to inevitable destruction.—A momentary forgetfulness was succeeded by new wonders. On awaking from this stupor, he saw around him a paradise similar to the promised abode of the faithful. All that the most elaborate fancy can paint, or desire covet, was spread with profusion before the enchanted senses of Obadiah. As he stood contemplating with delight the beauteous scene, he was suddenly struck by hearing his name in gentle accents repeatedly called; and, on turning himself to the sound, he found near him a group of young females, fair as the houris of that paradise of which he now thought himself an inhabitant. They welcomed him in the sweetest accents to his new abode, and with courtesy offered to conduct him to the palace of their sovereign.

The willing Obadiah followed their light footsteps with prompt obedience, praising Mahomet for his singular favor. His beautiful guides led him to a magnificent structure, in which art and the riches of worlds had apparently united their powers to furnish its splendid decorations. A sopha of down received the passive Obadiah, whilst a bath of perfumed water was hastily prepared for his use; robes of the richest texture met his ready hand; and a crowd of obsequious slaves, with eager soli-

citude, served in silence around him. A banquet, prepared by the hand of luxury, invited his appetite; while the soft and swelling harmony of more than mortal sounds enwrapped the soul of Obadiah in its fascinating ecstasy. At length an impulse of curiosity recalled him to the wonderful circumstances of his happy situation; and encouraged by the kindness of his companions at the banquet, he ventured to ask the cause of a reception so flattering and so unexpected. "I am unconscious," said Obadiah, "of the visit of the angel of death: tell me by what means I have been thus translated to the abode of the faithful." His gay auditors, laughing, assured him that he was still an inhabitant of a much lower region: "But, under the gentle sway of Pleasure," added they, "thou wilt soon forget Mahomet and his fancied paradise. The welcome which thou hast received," continued they, "is the common one that our indulgent mistress gives to all who seek her favour. Thou hast escaped from the rocks of restraint, thou hast boldly shaken off the shackles of labour, and the bondage of cold-hearted age and rigid prudence. Drink of this cup, and forget thy past toils and abject humiliation." Obadiah seized the sparkling goblet with avidity: he drank deeply, and in an instant every past transaction of his life was effaced from his memory.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE,

CHIEF CONSUL OF FRANCE.

THE First Consul, a Corsican by birth, and thirty-three years of age, is a well made little man, with fine teeth and hands, black eyes, and a nose something approaching to the Roman; complexion very sallow, and cheeks sunk in; features sharp. He wears his dark brown hair combed down in front, and cropped very short behind and round the ears. He keeps a firm and graceful seat on horseback, and his person is then seen to most advantage. He has an intelligent spirit in his countenance, and an eye that bespeaks an uncommon mind. At the grand parade, he generally wears a plain cocked hat, and blue coat with a scarlet collar, white waistcoat, and nankeen or white kerseymere pantaloons, and half boots, His white charger was the trained favorite of Louis XVI.

Of his energetic mode of expressing himself, the following is an instance. Soon after his attaining the chief power, some of the jacobin agents waited upon him, in the name of the whole body, to dissuade him from making peace till monarchy was totally annihilated.—"What, gentlemen," said the hero, "you have revolutionised France, and the greatest part of Europe, and you still want fresh revolutions. Go and tell these gentlemen, from me, that I have ten thousand tried troops in Paris; and if

I had but fifteen hundred, I should find no difficulty in crushing them."—As the speech loses by a translation, we shall give it in French also:—

"Quoi messieurs, vous avez revolutionné la France, & la plus grande partie de l'Europe, et vous voulez encore des revolutions. Allez dire à ces messieurs, de ma part, que j'ai dix mille hommes de troupes elites à Paris, & que si je n'avois que quinze cents, je scaurois bien les *ecraser*."

When dictating letters or dispatches to his secretaries, he generally holds a penknife open in his hand, and digs it violently into the arm of his chair, which is entirely disfigured by this practice.

When Bourienne, his private secretary, hinted to him, that the weight of business was too great, and that he should be glad to have an assistant; Bonaparte looking him full in the face, replied briefly, "There is one too many already, entrusted with the important secrets of the republic; but I cannot do every thing myself."

Bonaparte's discernment is so acute, that in riding down the ranks of ten thousand men, he will notice the least fault in a soldier's dress, position, or attitude, and point the man out to his officer next day; and this, it is said, he constantly does after the grand parades.

When Sir Sidney Smith defended Acre against Bonaparte, at every repulse, the former could distinguish the First Consul seat himself on a drum, with his hand to his forehead, in a

thoughtful and melancholy posture; and after a short pause, start up, draw his sword, and give orders: an immediate bustle always ensued in the army, and this was the signal for Sir Sidney to be on his guard. The sharp shooters of the French army, thrice in one day, shot Sir Sidney's hat off, while peeping above the parapet, to make these observations with his glass.

It was hinted to Bonaparte, by a friend, that Moreau was much liked and admired by the Parisians, "He deserves it," said the hero, "but he is too good-natured and easy to govern them; they would soon trample upon his authority."

Among his private friends, the First Consul is free and affable, but very abstemious and temperate at table.

Soon after his return from Egypt, he was invited to a sumptuous dinner, given by the jacobins, in the church of St. Sulpice (as being the most commodious and roomy place), he would not taste any dish at table, but waited till the desert, when he eat one single apple and drank a glass of wine.

When a youth, at the military school in Paris, (the stables of which are now occupied by his cavalry guard) he was very reserved and studious, serious and grave, never mixing much in the company of his schoolfellows, or giving into their dissipations, but applying himself assiduously to his books, and to history in particular.

In a late visit that he made to the pupils at the College of St. Cyr, he observed to them,

that he hoped they would avail themselves of the fine opportunity they had of acquiring knowledge, and added, "You have an example in me, of what diligent application at school will do, when afterwards an opportunity occurs to make use of it. I was born with fewer advantages than you now possess, and you may all, one day or other, in different degrees, raise yourselves to honor and dignified stations in the republic, by attention to your studies now."

Though Bonaparte finds it prudent to be on his guard, and use precaution against assassination, yet he appears not to know what fear is, but is always cool, collected, and affable to those about him, and seems rather to preserve his life for the republic than for himself.

However contradictory the following assertion may be to the plausible aspersions of the present day, yet a young officer, who had been in almost every battle with Bonaparte, avers, that he was always eager to save the effusion of blood, and extremely humane to the wounded and prisoners; and that in the passage of Mount St. Bernard, he hardily exposed himself to the most uncommon fatigue, sleeping on the snow, and depriving himself of every comfort that his rank entitled him to, in order to give an example to his officers and men.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

FOR SOLUTION.

REBUS.

This rebus, reader, shall display
A female of the present day;
From four in history renown'd,
Her honor'd name may soon be found.

First take a well-known sprightly dame,
Whose Turkish Letters gave her fame:
Next her, of Antony the spouse,
Whose virtues ancient Rome avows:
Next her of gentlest manners see,
And unaffected piety,
Whose writings, with instruction fraught,
E'en from the dead the living taught:
Last one who sat on England's throne,
For learning and great talents known.

2.

What we all do,
Revers'd, will shew
What the Scriptures declare
All of us are.

NEWLY DISCOVERED EFFECTS OF *THE COW-POX.*

Cheltenham, Oct. 26, 1803.

SOME reports having gone abroad, that the cow-pox has been found to secure the constitution from the plague in Constantinople, and some other parts of European Turkey, Dr. Jenner begs leave to lay before the public the evidence which he has received of this important fact. He does not deem the point clearly ascertained, but cannot forbear thinking that every reader will see a considerable presumption in its favor in the following extract of a letter.

From Dr. De Carro, of Vienna, to Dr. Jenner.

"YOUR discovery has already produced some consequences which you surely were very far from foreseeing, when you made it known to the world. I believe that I once mentioned to you, that a French physician, Monsieur La Font, thought he had observed that vaccinated people were not attacked by the plague. He described to me the facts which raised the suspicion: they were few, and not very conclusive, but he spoke of his new observations with modesty and prudence, and thought only that the subject deserved his further attention.—Another physician, at Constantinople, Mons. Auban, who never had any communication

with Mons. La Font, who is of Salonica, wrote to me about a year ago, that he also had some suspicion of the cow-pox being a preservative against the PLAGUE: did not mention facts, but said that several people had observed the same, and many vaccinated themselves as a security against the plague. Guess what was my astonishment, when, a few days ago, I received, through the French ambassador at Vienna, a packet of Dr. Auban, who begins his letter with these words—'What I had the honor of mentioning to you long ago, concerning the cow-pox being a security against the plague, as a probability, I can now, after many experiments, speak of almost as a certainty.' He describes the facts summarily in his letter, and adds two *procès verbaux*, signed by him, and several winesses, desiring Citizen Champagny and myself to give them every possible publicity. The proofs are——

"1st. Of 6,000 vaccinated at Constantinople, not one has taken the plague.

"2d. That infants previously vaccinated have sucked, without injury the milk of nurses infected with the plague.

"3d. That an Italian physician, Dr. Valli, who went to Constantinople to study the plague, was so persuaded of the truth of the new discovery, that upon the sole security of having been vaccinated, he shut himself up in a lazaretto, and had with people attackd with carbuncles and buboes various modes of contact, without any effect.

"4th. That the same Dr. Valli inserted in his own hand a mixture of variolous and pestilential virus, and having felt no effect from that trial, he meant the following week to insert pestilential virus alone.

"5th. That Dr. Auban, having been informed that some villages near Constantinople, the cows were subject to some eruptions on their udders, he, with several gentlemen of the French embassy, went to those villages, and found the cow-pox then existing. The report of the inhabitants was, that they had never seen the plague or the small-pox among them, though both these diseases made dreadful ravages in the vicinity.

"Such, my dear sir," continues Dr. De Carro, "are the extraordinary facts which have been communicated to me. I have now and then corresponded with M. M. La Font and Auban: their correspondence announces much medical information. The second, acquainting the world with such an important discovery, runs certainly a great risk, if he deceives it by false and hasty observations."

SENECA's MORALS.

IT is with much pleasure that we have lately met with a new and improved edition of the invaluable Morals of Seneca; from which we purpose to make some copious extracts, and commence with the following article on a HAPPY LIFE.

OF A HAPPY LIFE, AND WHEREIN IT CONSISTS.

THERE is not any thing in this world, perhaps, that is more talked of, and less understood, than the business of a happy life. It is every man's wish and design, and yet not one of a thousand that knows wherein that happiness consists. We live, however, in a blind and eager pursuit of it, and the more haste we make in a wrong way, the farther we are from our journey's end. Let us, therefore, first consider what it is we would be at; and secondly, which is the readiest way to compass it. If we be right, we shall find every day how much we improve; but if we either follow the cry, or the track of the people that are out of the way, we must expect to be misled, and to continue our days in wandering and error. Wherefore it highly concerns us to take along with us a skilful guide; for it is not in this, as in other voyages, where the high-way brings us to our place of repose, or, if a man should happen to be out, where the inhabitants might set him right again; but, on the contrary, the beaten road is here the most dangerous, and the people, instead of helping us, misguide us. Let us not therefore follow like beasts, but rather govern ourselves by reason than by example. It fares with us in human life as in a routed army, one stumbles first, and then another falls upon him, and so they follow, one upon the neck of another, until the whole field comes to be but one heap

of miscarriages. And the mischief is, that the number of the multitude carries it against truth and justice, so that we must leave the crowd, if we would be happy; for the question of a happy life is not to be decided by vote: nay, so far from it, that plurality of voices is still an argument of the wrong; the common people find it easier to believe than to judge and content themselves with what is usual, never examining whether it be good or no. By the common people is intended the man of title, as well as the clouted shoe; for I do not distinguish them by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man. Worldly felicity, I know, makes the head giddy; but if ever a man comes to himself again, he will confess, that whatsoever he has done, he wishes undone, and that the things he feared were better than those he prayed for.

The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations, to understand our duties toward God and man, to enjoy the present, without any anxious dependence upon the future. Not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so, wants nothing. The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach, but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for, without finding it. Tranquillity is a certain equality of mind, which no condition of fortune can either exalt or depress. Nothing can make it

less, for it is the state of human perfection; it raises us as high as we can go, and makes every man his own supporter; whereas he that is borne up by any thing else, may fall. He that judges right, and perseveres in it, enjoys a perpetual calm: he takes a true prospect of things; he observes an order, measure, a decorum in all his actions; he has a benevolence in his nature; he squares his life according to reason, and draws to himself love and admiration. Without a certain and unchangeable judgment, all the rest is but fluctuation; but he that always wills and nills the same thing, is undoubtedly in the right. Liberty and serenity of mind must necessarily ensue upon the mastering of those things which either allure or affright us, when, instead of those flashy pleasures (which, even at the best, are both vain and hurtful together), we shall find ourselves possessed of joys transporting and everlasting. It must be a sound mind that makes a happy man; there must be a constancy in all conditions; a care for the things of this world, but without trouble; and such an indifferency for the bounties of fortune, that either with them, or without them, we may live contentedly. There must be neither lamentation nor quarrelling, nor sloth, nor fear, for it makes a discord in a man's life. He that fears, serves. The joy of a wise man stands firm without interruption, in all places, at all times, and in all conditions, his thoughts are chearful and quiet. As it never came into him from without, so it will never leave him; but is born within him, and insepa-

rable from him. It is a solicitous life that is egged on with the hope of any thing, though never so open and easy, nay, though a man should never suffer any sort of disappointment. I do not speak of this either as a bar to the fair enjoyment of lawful pleasures, or to the gentle flatteries of reasonable expectations, but on the contrary, I would have men to be always in good humour, provided that it arises from their own souls, and be cherished in their own breasts. Other delights are trivial; they may smooth their brow, but they do not fill and affect the heart. True joy is a serene and sober motion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no chearfulness like the resolution of a brave mind, that has fortune under its feet. He that can look death in the face and bid it welcome, open his door to poverty, and bridle his appetites, this is the man whom Providence has established in the possession of inviolable delights. The pleasures of the vulgar are ungrounded, thin, and superficial; but the others are solid and eternal. As the body itself is rather a necessary thing than a great, so the comforts of it are but temporary and vain; beside, that without extraordinary moderation, their end is only pain and repentance. Whereas a peaceful conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions, and an indifference for casual events, are blessings without end, satiety, or measure.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Tuesday evening, Novem. 2, was performed, for the first time, a musical drama, in three acts, called "A Wife of two Husbands."

This piece is a translation, by Mr. Cobb, from the French, with some variations, in many respects for the better; and though we may regret the low stock of our national genius, which compels us to look abroad for support, and moor under the lee of some French or German name, yet upon the whole we are disposed to welcome this piece upon the English stage.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 12. was performed for the first (and last) time a new afterpiece, in three acts, called "Scapin in Masquerade." The chief character was Scapin, a young nobleman's valet, who, to serve his master's passion, personates an old duenna, and the wife of the fair damsel's guardian, whom he had sold thirty years before to the Moors. The idea is very hacknied, and there was nothing of humour or whim to give it an air of novelty.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 19, was performed, for the first time, a new comedy, called "Hearts of Oak," written by Mr. Allingham. This comedy, which has no reference to its title, is by no means equal to the author's last piece, "The Marriage Promise." The characters were well supported. Some disapprobation arose at the announcement of it for a second representation; but it has since been performed with better success, owing to some judicious curtailments.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 5. was produced, for the first time, a new farce, in two acts, called "Raising the Wind." It is a light laughable production, and the chief character, Jeremy Didler, an idle dissipated young fellow, who has no other means of obtaining a subsistence than what he derives at the tables of his acquaintances, on account of his being able to sing a good song, repeat bon mots, &c. It was received with universal applause, and is the first dramatic attempt of a Mr. Kenney, who,

we hear, is only 20 years of age. Though it has no claim to originality (the character of Didler having been already introduced in the "Family Party," "Cheap Living," &c.), it has considerable stage effect, and displays much ingenuity. We could, however, discover no moral, as the prologue promised; and we must inform the author of the prologue that *becalm'd* and *charm'd* is abominable rhyme.

Nov. 12. A new comedy, called "Three per Cents." from the pen of Mr. Reynolds was performed for the first (and last) time. It is founded on the following clause in a will:

"So convinced am I of the blessings of matrimony, and its moral advantages, to young people in particular, that I give and bequeath all my Three per Cent. Consols to my nephew, Edward Dorimont, provided he marries within one twelvemonth from the day of my decease; but if in that period he neglects to take a wife, I then give my said Three per Cents. to my other nephew, John Witling."

From this ground the piece is worked up, and the intrigues of one brother, to prevent the other's getting married within the twelve months, and obtaining the property, constitutes the principal bnsiness of the play. Among the characters was the Gretna-green parson, which was performed by Mr. Cooke.

On the evening of the 26th, according to very long notice, Shakespeare's play of "King Henry the Fifth" was performed, the whole of the income of that night having been assigned to the patriotic fund at Lloyd's. From the

attractions of the play—a drama in which the heroic deeds of our ancestors are recorded in the sublimest strains of our immortal bard, and as such, under the circumstances of the moment, are well adapted to light up an emulative flame of glory in the breasts of their descendants, we were induced to expect (considering the noble purpose to which the produce of the night was to be appropriated) that the house would have overflowed at an early hour; in this, however, we were much disappointed, although the house was respectably attended. On this occasion Mr. Kemble exerted himself to the full extent of his great powers, and was indeed the hero of the piece as well as of the performance. After the play, his brother came forward, and, in a just and emphatic manner, delivered the following

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

In Spartan bands, to wake heroic fire,
Renown'd Tyrtæus strung his martial lyre;
Tyrtæus, lame and weak, unskill'd to wield
The flying spear, or grasp the pond'rous shield;
Nor by experience taught in just array
To form the files, and guide the doubtful fray:
Yet, Heav'n-inspir'd, he knew, beyond controul,
With strains sublime, to rouse the torpid soul,
Swell with proud hopes the heart, and, by his breath,
Kindle the love of fame, the scorn of death.
And shall the British muse, 'midst war's alarms,
In silence rest, nor call her sons to arms?
Shall Britons yield an unresisting prey,
And tamely own a base usurper's sway?
No—when ye march to guard your sea-girt shore,
"Return victorious—or return no more!"

Greece, in her freedom's most propitious hour,
Wag'd impious wars, in quest of spoil or power;
And Rome, through many an age, unjustly brave,
Fought to oppress, and conquer'd to enslave.
E'en the bright wreaths our Edwards, Henries, claim
Crown'd not the cause of freedom, but of fame;
While fond ambition, with misguided zeal,
Sought England's glory more than England's weal.
But when, of old, to chase a foreign host,
The painted guardians of our Albion's coast,
O'er her white cliffs descending, from afar
On Cæsar's legions pour'd the tide of war,
When scythed chariots swept th' ensanguin'd plain,
Then bards, enraptur'd, sung this patriot strain:
"Ye generous youths, who guard the British shore,
Return victorious—or return no more!"

Again Britannia sounds her just alarms;
Nor lures by int'rest or ambition's charms;
But prompts to deeds which fairer trophies yield,
Than grac'd e'en Agincourt's immortal field,
And bids you guard, in free and gallant strife,
All that adorns, improves, or sweetens life:
Your homes, by faithful love and friendship blest,
Each pledge of love, now smiling at the breast,
Your daughters, fresh in bloom, mature in charms,
Doom'd (should he conquer) to the spoiler's arms;
Your sons, who hear the tyrant's threats with scorn,
The joys, the hopes of ages yet unborn,
All, all endear this just, this sacred cause,
Your sov'reign's throne, your freedom, faith, and laws,
Champions of Britain's cherish'd rights ye stand—
Protect, preserve, avenge your native land!
For lo! she cries, amidst the battle's roar,
"Return victorious—or return no more!"

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1803.

EPILOGUE TO HEARTS OF OAK.

Spoken by Mrs. Ansell.

WHAT—Hearts of Oak—and not one word of war,
The British soldier, and the British tar?
I told our bard his scheme would never do;
How just his answer I submit to you.
Need we the drama's art (he said) to shew
What every bosom feeling, all must know;
That every seaman's, soldier's, Briton's heart
Now burns to take his king's and country's part;
That, in our soil, as the oak, rooted fast,
Mocks the vain tumult of the angry blast;
Or, proudly on the ocean launch'd, defies
The elemental war of waves and skies:
So every breast, by manly firmness steel'd,
Braves the dread tempest of the martial field;
Laughs at the haughty foe's exulting boast,
And courts the onset of invasion's host!
While urg'd by every tie of social life,
By parents, children, sisters, mistress, wife:

Watchful o'er rights, by deathless patriots won,
Thro' ages handed down from sire to son.
Fir'd in their monarch's cause—his cause their own,
Each arm his bulwark, and each heart his throne!
One only wish pervades this happy land,
Swells each indignant breast, nerves every hand,
That yon proud despot would himself explore
Our guardian ocean, and embattled shore.
Blood-stain'd ambition then should find his grave,
Stretch'd on our plains, or whelm'd beneath the wave!
Then, whether now the new-wrought drama here,
From tales domestic drew the smile or tear;
Or nature's favorite pupil's scenes unfold
Of warlike fields by Britons won of old!
Still be the cheering title of our play
In every heart the order of the day.

A SCENE IN A DRAMA,

NOW ACTING ON THE FRENCH COAST.

BONAPARTE *solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture; in his hand a remonstrance of* MOREAU *against the Invasion of England.—Time,* November.

IT must succeed, Moreau, thou reason'st ill,
Else whence this flatt'ring hope, this fond desire,
This longing after England's blood and treasure;
Or whence this secret dread, if I invade not,
Of falling into nought?—Why shrinks my soul
Back on herself, and startles at discussion?
'Tis the divinity that moves within me,
'Tis Heav'n itself that points to Britain's shores,
And intimates invasion to my heart.
Invasion—O thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untried dangers,
Through what new scenes and combats must I pass!
The tempting plains of Britain lie before me,
But waves and British seamen stand between.
Here will I hold; if gun-boats can be trusted
(And that they can, each commissary swears
Through all my ports), they'll waft the troops to England,
And troops which they convey must prove victorious:
But how or when? The sea was made for Britain!
I'm weary of my doubts—this month shall end them;
Thus pledg'd, I can't retreat; my death or life,
My fall or elevation, lies before me.
Failure will bring me to a speedy end;
But, if successful, I shall never die.
My throne, secure by Britain's fall, shall smile
At Europe's threat'nings, and defy her rage.
The lesser states shall vanish, Austria's self,
Exhausted, crouch, and Russia sink subdu'd;
While I shall flourish in unbounded rule,
Unhurt by freedom's murmurs, or her arms,
And consummate the slav'ry of the world.

C. F.

EPIGRAM.

THE Corsican roars in a voice loud as thunder,
'The fair fields of Britain I'll ravage and plunder!'
John calmly replies—'If you can, sir, you may;
And for your kind visit let me fix the day.'—
'What, you!' exclaims Bony.—'Yes, storm till you burst,
But I shall not expect you till April the First.

T. L.

THE CASTLE-BUILDER;

OR, THE FRENCH AT THEIR JOURNEY'S END.

WE'RE told that the French to invade us intend.
And no wonder if Bonaparte's madness thus end,
For that man is most likely, it must be allow'd,
In the *air* to *build castles* who lives at *St. Cloud.*

They'll come, we are told, or fame makes a *faux pas*,
In balloons to be filled with the smoke of burnt straw,
And it's quite *apropos* that a plan, without joke,
Which is founded in *vapour* should finish in *smoke.*

Then some say they'll come here in flat-bottom'd boats,
To reap a good harvest, and sow their wild oats;
But the harvest they faucy to reap will be smash'd,
And their oats and themselves get confoundedly thresh'd.

But how to get here the French needn't take pains,
To project this or that way, or puzzle their brains,
Let them once put to sea, and they'll soon find escorts,
For our sailors will pilot them into our ports.

As a proof that they'll come, the French ev'ry day toast
"That Frenchman who first sets his foot on our coast,"
But he'll not keep his footing I'll wager a crown,
So let us toast "The Briton that first knocks him down."

THE MORNING OF BATTLE.

ARISE, brothers! Britons! in valour arise!
The banner of freedom's unfurl'd;
The day-spring of victory gleams from the skies;
The thunder of vengeance is hurl'd!

With our swords in our hands now, uplifted to Heav'n,
We swear we will never be slaves!
And the altar on which this promise is giv'n,
Is the turf of our forefathers' graves.

For a king, our fond father—for laws we adore—
The dear tender ties of our love.
Like a band of true brothers, we'll rush to the shore,
Our arms and our valour to prove.

Shall our sweet native isle, so long freedom's abode,
Be a prey to the tyrant of Gaul?
No! no! by our honor, our fathers, our God,
We will save it, or die at its fall!

Hark! hark! 'tis the bugle each warrior that calls,
Who shrinks not at death's awful name!
To arms! haste to arms! ev'ry hero that falls,
Shall "die in the blaze of his fame!"

The praise of his king, the applause of the brave,
Shall soften the pillow of death.
Whilst his children exulting, shall boast that to save
His country, he gave up his breath.

TIMES OF YORE.

Tune—"My Spirits are mounting," &c.

A SONG, or a story, may drive away care;
Fal de ral lal, &c.
You shall have both in one—nay, I'll give you a pair;
Fal de ral lal, &c.
To make you in battle with Frenchmen more bold,
You shall hear how your ancestors thrash'd them of old.
Fal de ral lal de ral, &c.

When Edward's brave host met their myriads in fight,
Their sun from its noontide sunk sudden to night:
A Cressy and Poictiers was cropp'd their fair flower,
And the glory of ages was dimm'd in an hour.

What Harry of Monmouth achiev'd with his sword,
Let Agincourt's trophies of triumph record;
When with France's proud nobles its acres were spread,
And her diadem girded an Englishman's head.

But perhaps 'twas by ambush we throve in each fray?
Oh, no! they were fought in the face of each day.
But surely by numbers these actions were done?
Oh, no! the French legions were twenty to one.

Then come they, or stay they, we care not a pin:
If they come, they shall find us in steel to the chin;
If they stay, 'tis sheer cowardice checks their advance—
So "Here's to King George, and confusion to France."

F. R. S.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

THO' the Consular Chief may affect to disgrace,
And call our brave people "a *shopkeeping* race,"
If he dares to invade us, these *shop*-men will hit on
A *counter*-march step, that will drive him from Britain.

Now war sounds th' alarm, and bold volunteers fly
Round the standard of honor, to conquer or die,
The national hope's in the Lawyers at large,
As in *case* of *assault*, they will make the best *charge*.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, ON RECEIVING BLANKS IN THE LOTTERY.

O FORTUNE! thou art partial, fickle, blind,
Thou canst not see the beauty of the mind;
The pow'der'd fop who has a large estate,
And empty titles, all to make him great,
Procures a lottery ticket, gains a prize,
Although he's neither learn'd, good, nor wise.
O sad reverse! the man with friendship fir'd,
With nature, genius, and true taste inspir'd,
Who drinks the bitters which distress bestows,
And seldom tasteth joys unmix'd with woes,
Obtains a trifling share, that he may try
If fortune's wheel will turn adversity.
The wheel, alas! turns up a useless blank,
Nor smiling units grace the foremost rank.
Alas! he lives unpitied, unreliev'd,
Friendless, unknown, and thus he is deceiv'd;

Despis'd by fortune, buffeted by fate,
Lost to the world in an obscure retreat;
O Genius, heavenly born! O sad neglect!
Thou art not honor'd with sincere respect;
Thy sapient head and frenzy rolling eye,
Looks towards the azure vault, the spangl'd sky,
Can count the stars that sparkle on its robe,
And mark the time of each revolving globe;
Can view our earth in gayest livery dress'd,
Which fires thy soul and warms thy generous breast.
But fickle fortune's blind, tho' low'ring eye,
Brings forth from thee the suff'ring of a sigh;
Few learn to pity genius in distress,
Else friends would strive to make his sorrows less!
Ah! long adieu to fortune's favor'd smile,
Her sunshine bightens that she may beguile;
She flatters us with hope, to cheer our hearts,
Now smiles, now frowns, then, vanishing, departs;
O let us not despair, since hope draws nigh,
To soothe our hearts, prevent the heaving sigh.
If adverse fate decreed our hapless doom,
Hope chears the gloomy prospect 'yond the tomb;
Hope lends enchantment to the pleasing sight,
Anticipates the future with delight.
Yes, my young friend, I must endure, with thee,
The adverse storms of life's tempestuous sea;
O, with due patience, life's sad troubles bear,
O pray resolve to conquer wild despair!
Let not self murder stretch the coward arm,
Nor frightful dreams thy coward soul alarm.
But wait with patience till that happy hour,
When you shall be 'yond fortune's sportive pow'r;
Thy raptur'd soul thro' yielding skies shall soar,
To that blest place where angels, saints adore,
Thus shalt thou ever join in songs divine,
Shrouded in light, in heaven's immortal shrine,

AMICUS

Literary Review.

Life of Geoffrey Chaucer, the early English Poet; including Memoirs of his near Friend and Kinsman, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; with Sketches of the Manners, Opinions, Arts, and Literature of England in the fourteenth century. By William Godwin. In two quarto volumes.

THIS long-expected work has at length made its appearance; and we must confess that the information it contains will prove acceptable to the literary world. Common readers have little taste for such performances; they are in general more ready to devour the trash of a circulating library.

This work is called the "Life of Chaucer," though by far the greater part relates to the investigation of other subjects. These subjects, indeed, are so treated, that their bearings are ingeniously directed toward the chief object of the publication. But so extensive is the plan, that it might have been spread over a still wider surface—though two ponderous quarto volumes may well satisfy our curiosity.

The poetry of Chaucer has a constant reference to the manners and customs of the age:—

hence a delineation of the times illustrates his writings. This we can easily believe, and a very copious sketch is given of the 14th century. Uncommon pains must have been taken to bring together so many particulars, and they are arranged with neatness and accuracy. The characters of Wickliff and John of Gaunt are not only well drawn, but their efforts toward the reformation are enumerated and commended. A parallel also is drawn between the poetry of Shakespeare and Chaucer—their merits are happily appreciated; the latter, however, is neglected, whilst the former is held in special veneration.

Upon the whole, we are of opinion, that the Life of Chaucer is a valuable performance; we meet with little or nothing that is exceptionable, either with respect to religion or politics. Long, therefore, may this eccentric author thus employ his talents for the instruction and improvement of mankind!

The Juvenile Tourist; or, Excursions through various Parts of the Island of Great Britain, including the West of England, the Midland Counties, and the whole of the County of Kent. Illustrated with Maps, and interspersed with historical Anecdotes and poetical Extracts, for the Improvement of the rising Generation. In a Series of Letters to a Pupil. By John Evans, A. M. Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullin's-row, Islington. With a Portrait of the Author.

THE youth of both sexes, it has been justly remarked, are the men and women of the next

generation: hence the importance of imbuing their minds with that knowledge which will enable them to conduct themselves with dignity and propriety. It is impossible, therefore, for us not to recommend the present volume, whose object (to use the author's own words) is "to fan" in the breasts of the rising generation "the hallowed flame of patriotism, of virtue, and of christianity."

These Letters appeared originally in the pages of our Miscellany; but they are so much altered, that we may pronounce them altogether a new work. Mr. E. took three excursions, and the whole of the route comprehends upwards of twelve hundred miles! His West of England includes an account of Kensington, Hammersmith, Brentford, Hounslow, Staines, Egham, Bagshot, Basingstoke, Andover, Salisbury, Blandford, Dorchester, Weymouth, Bridport, Lyme, Sidmouth, Exeter, Honiton, Taunton, Bridgwater, Glastonbury, Wells, Frome, Warminster, &c. His Midland counties include a sketch of Highgate, Barnet, St. Albans, Dunstable, Woburn, Newport Pagnell, Northampton, Market-Harborough, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Matlock, Buxton, Ashburn, Derby, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Tamworth, Birmingham, Worcester, Gloucester, Ross, Monmouth, Usk, Pontypool, Cærleon-Newport, Chepstow, Bristol, Bath, Chippenham, Calne, Marlborough, Newbury, Reading, Maidenhead, Windsor, Eton, Beaconsfield, Uxbridge, &c. His County of Kent takes in a delineation of all its towns, viz. Deptford,

Greenwich, Woolwich, Dartford, Gravesend, Rochester, Chatham, Sheerness, Milton, Sittingborne, Faversham, Canterbury, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Hythe, Ashford, Tenterden, Cranbrook, Tunbridge Wells, Seven Oaks, Maidstone, Eltham, &c. From this general outline of its contents, the reader will judge of the entertainment to be expected, nor will he be disappointed. Anecdotes of history, biography, and jurisprudence are scattered throughout every page of the work; whilst extracts from almost all our poets embellish and enliven the publication.

Mr. E. having made these excursions in his midsummer vacations, observes, that "the volume might have been literally denominated 'Midsummer or Vacation Fruits,' but the quaintness of the title forbade its adoption."—Its present appellation, JUVENILE TOURIST, is happily expressive of the nature of its contents, being designed and admirably calculated to instruct and amuse the minds of the rising generation. The portrait is an elegant and striking likeness, and the maps are executed with uncommon neatness and accuracy. Indeed a work of this kind cannot fail of recommending itself to readers of every description, because it leads us to form an high but just estimate (at this most awful crisis of our national affairs) of the natural, the civil, and the religious advantages of our highly favored and beloved country.

Addresses to young Men. By Joshua Toulmin, D.D.

AFTER having read the Addresses of Dr. Fordyce, we were at a loss what could be said further on the subject. We are, however, pleasingly disappointed—there is no interference at all between these two writers. They have each a perfectly distinct manner. Dr. T. is remarkable for plainness and simplicity. His topics are Sober-mindedness, Religion, Pursuit of Knowledge, Company, Conversation, Sympathy towards the Sex, and Marriage, and finally, Application to a Trade or Profession. These useful subjects are handled with great seriousness and good sense. They were originally sermons, but are thrown into this more popular form, that they might become more substantially useful to the younger classes of the community.

An Essay on the Principle of Population; or, a View of its past and present Effects on Human Happiness, with an Enquiry into our Prospects respecting the future Removal or Mitigation of the Evils which it Occasions. By T. R. Malthus, M. A. Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.

THIS is a most singular performance, but written with uncommon ingenuity. It states, that the human species increase in a geometrical ratio thus—1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, &c. whilst means of subsistence increase arithmetically 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Now

this being the case, in two centuries the population would be to the means of subsistence as 256 to 9—in three centuries as 4096 to 13—and in 2000 years the difference would be almost incalculable! Hence the author proceeds to state, that vice and misery are the great checks employed by Providence to keep down this excessive population—he endeavours to shew that the extirpation of natural and moral evil is impossible—thus denying all considerable prospect of happiness as to mankind.

But however ingenious and specious such statements may be, the system ought not to be admitted. For upon this hypothesis every thing wears a gloomy and wretched appearance. A reflection is cast on Providence, for having not made an adequate provision for its offspring—a sanction is given to war and vice, to disease and misery, which, it seems, are our chief preservatives from universal starvation! The writer has written this volume to expose Godwin—but the visions even of Godwin are preferable to a system subversive of human comfort and human improvement. It were to be wished, that some able writer would come forward to expose its fallacy. There must be something essentially wrong in the statements of this ingenious author—what has always been considered as serious evils, cannot, by the magic of his pen, be now converted into real blessings to the world.

Paris as it was, and as it is; or, a Sketch of the French Capital, illustrative of the Effects of the Revolution, with respect to Sciences, Literature, Arts, Religion, Education, Manners, and Amusements; comprising also a correct Account of the most remarkable National Establishments and Public Buildings. In a Series of Letters written by an English Traveller during the Years 1801—2, *to a Friend in London.* 2 *volumes, octavo.*

THE metropolis of every country is generally an object of curiosity—there the customs and manners, the talents and opulence, of the people are fully exhibited. But surely never was any metropolis more the subject of curiosity, than the city of Paris the theme of general admiration. The French are at all times a singular set of beings, and since the late revolution they have excited the astonishment of the world. The theatre of that revolution is therefore a topic we all enquire after; we gaze with eager eyes, we listen with intenseness to every traveller who professes to gratify our curiosity.

These volumes take a wide sweep, they include a minute delineation of PARIS; not a building of any consequence has escaped his notice, nor has an event of late happened, to which there is not some kind of allusion. This shews the author well acquainted with his subject. Indeed it appears that the French metropolis was visited for the express purpose of subsequent description—this object has, without doubt, been amply accomplished.

The contrast between the present and former

condition of Paris is curious, and well worthy attention. The revolution has produced a change throughout all the classes of their community. We dare not say the change is made for the better—in reality, the old and new governments are much the same! they are called by different names; but luxury and dissipation, tyranny and licentiousness remain, with their long train of evils. The present state of the French press is subversive of all liberty, and a disgrace to any country in the world!

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR NOVEMBER, 1803.

THE *Invasion of Britain* by the French still continues the subject of general conversation. Indeed our preparation for the foe is such, that should Bonaparte really mean to pay us a visit, the sooner the better, for suspence in such a case can be of service to neither party. Convinced, however, that we should be able to repel the enemy from our shores, we are now in an attitude to bid them defiance—indeed, there are *thousands* amongst us, that long to convince them of our decided superiority.

To Britains it must be pleasing to perceive UNANIMITY prevailing amongst us, to a degree that has been almost unparalleled in the annals of our history. Look to other countries who have fallen under the yoke of the Corsican usurper; they first were disunited among them-

selves—(to use the words of Mr. EVANS, in his late Fast Sermon)---" Blessed be God, this *purple spot of death* cannot be found on our country!"

The taking of the settlements of Demarara, and Essequibo, in South America, must impart a pleasure to every British heart. Their capture will, we trust, prove the *first-fruits* of an harvest of conquests over our ambitious and relentless enemy.

We congratulate our countrymen on the reassembling of parliament. It opened on Tuesday, the 23d inst. The debates were not extended to that length which was expected. All was concord and unanimity, except Mr. Wyndham, who, with a peculiar *perverseness of politics*, talked of our present worthy administration " surviving the existence of the country!!!"

We shall, in the next article, present our readers with the *King's speech*—they cannot fail of being gratified.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR NOVEMBER, 1803.

2. THE Broad-street loyal London volunteers having a field day and a sham fight near Hornsey, Mr. Dewey, a wine-merchant, was unfortunately wounded in his side, the cartridge penetrating his body! He is since dead of the wound, having languished for many days in great agony. It happened by mere accident.

He was an amiable young man, and much lamented.

5. A house was discovered to be on fire behind the British Museum, which raged for some time with uncommon fury. An alarm was naturally excited lest this invaluable repository of curiosities should be destroyed; but happily the flames having been subdued, it sustained no injury.

7. A verdict of accidental death was brought in by the jury who sat on the body of one of the Bromley volunteers, whose death was occasioned by the bursting of a firelock in the hands of a man in the rear rank. He died at the London Hospital.

8. New lord mayor, Alderman Perring, sworn in at Guildhall with the usual ceremonies on the occasion.

9. Lord Mayor's day kept with great show and festivity, The populace drew the carriage of the late lord mayor, Alderman Price, with loud acclamations. The lord chancellor, Lord Ellenborough, ambassadors from Sweden, Denmark, and America, Earl Harrington, Lords Castlereagh, Hood, and Somerset, with the Rt. Hon. Mr. Addington, Mr. Erskine, Sheridan, &c.

10. The court put on mourning for the late hereditary Princess of Mecklenburgh, Schwerin, Princess of Russia. On the 20th, the court went out of mourning.

13. A most beautiful meteor made its appearance, the particulars of which will be found in the preceding pages of our Miscellany.

15. A coronor's inquest taken at Westham, Essex, on the body of a man found hanging by the side of a wall. It appeared that the unfortunate man had got over the wall to steal wood, and having tied up a larger bundle than he could manage, he got it on his back with the rope about his head, when, getting back again over the wall, the rope slipped over his head, and hanged him!

22. His majesty went in state to the house of peers, and being seated on the throne, delivered the following most gracious speech:

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"Since I last met you in parliament, it has been my chief object to carry into effect those measures which your wisdom had adopted for the defence of the united kingdom, and for the vigorous prosecution of the war. In these preparations I have been seconded by the voluntary exertions of all ranks of my people, in a manner that has, if possible, strengthened their claims to my confidence and affection; they have proved that the menaces of the enemy have only served to rouse their native and hereditary spirit; and that all other considerations are lost in a general disposition to make those efforts and sacrifices which the honor and safety of the kingdom demand at this important and critical conjuncture.

"Though my attention has been principally directed to the great object of internal security, no opportunity has been lost of making an impression on the foreign possessions of the ene-

my. The islands of St. Lucia, of Tobago, of St. Pierre, and Miquelon, and the settlements of Demerara and Essequibo, have surrendered to the British arms. In the conduct of the operations by which those valuable acquisitions have been made, the utmost promptitude and zeal have been displayed by the officers employed on those services, and by my forces acting under their command by sea and land.

"In Ireland, the leaders and several inferior agents in the late traitorous and atrocious conspiracy, have been brought to justice; and the public tranquillity has experienced no further interruption. I indulge the hope, that such of my deluded subjects as have swerved from their allegiance are now convinced of their error; and that having compared the advantages they derive from the protection of a free constitution, with the condition of those countries which are under the dominion of the French government, they will cordially and zealously concur in resisting any attempt that may be made against the security and independance of my united kingdom.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"I have a perfect reliance on your public spirit for making such provisions as may be necessary for the service of the year. The progressive improvement of the revenue cannot fail to encourage you to persevere in the system which has been adopted, of defraying the expences of the war, with as little addition as

possible to the public debt, and to the permanent burthens of the state.

"I lament the heavy pressure which, under the present circumstances, must unavoidably be experienced by my people; but I am persuaded that they will meet it with the good sense and fortitude which so eminently distinguish their character, under a conviction of the indispensable importance of upholding the dignity, and of providing effectually for the safety of the empire.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I have concluded a convention with the King of Sweden, for the purpose of adjusting all the differences which have arisen on the subject of the eleventh article of the treaty of 1761. I have directed that a copy of this convention should be laid before you; and you will, I trust, be of opinion, that the arrangement, whilst it upholds our maritime rights, is founded on those principles of reciprocal advantage which are best calculated to maintain and improve the good understanding which happily subsists between the two countries.

"In the prosecution of the contest in which we are engaged, it shall be, as it has ever been, my first object to execute as becomes me, the great trust committed to my charge. Embarked with my brave and loyal people in one common cause, it is my fixed determination, if the occasion should arise, to share their exertions and their dangers in the defence of our constitution, our religion, our laws, and independ-

ance. To the activity and valour of my fleets and armies, to the zeal and unconquerable spirit of my faithful subjects, I confide the honor of my crown, and all those valuable interests which are involved in the issue of this momentous contest.

" Actuated by these sentiments, and humbly imploring the blessing of Divine Providence, I look forward with a firm conviction, that if, contrary to all just expectation, the enemy should elude the vigilance of my numerous fleets and cruizers, and attempt to execute their presumptuous threat of invading our coasts, the consequence will be to them, discomfiture, confusion, and disgrace; and that our's will not only be the glory of surmounting present difficulties, and repelling immediate danger, but the solid and permanent advantage of fixing the safety and independance of the kingdom on the basis of acknowledged strength, the result of its own tried energy and resources."

23. The remains of the late Rear-admiral Payne were removed from Greenwich Hospital with the greatest solemnity, and interred in Westminster Abbey.

24. The queen held a drawing-room, after which his majesty received the address of the house of commons.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

JAMES NUTTELL, Kingston-upon-Hull, hatter. James Ball, Kingsteington, Devon, dealer and chapman. James Currie, Cross-street, Finsbury-square, merchant. Dan. Blake and William Smith, Beech-street, Barbican, shoemakers. Ch. Blanrok and John Henry Lutterloh, Mark-lane, merchants. Wm. Weaver, Bow-lane, London, warehouseman. Rich. Killick, Blackfriars road, Surrey, chaise-maker. Francis Thompson, Bow-lane, London, warehouseman. West Thimbleby, Cannon-street, London, butcher. James Curtis and Honor Pitt Griffin, Ludgate-hill, oil and colour merchants. Tho. Gooddy, Sheffield, York, grocer. John Bunce, Abingdon, Berkshire, ironmonger. Wm. Taylor. jun. formerly of North-America, merchant. George Humphrys, Horley, Gloucestershire, clothier. Duncan Stewart, Old Bailey, London, baker. Robert George Edwards, Poultry, London, hosier. Mosley Solomon, Little Alie-street, Goodman's-fields, merchant.—John Moss, of Salisbury, Wiltshire, ironmonger. James Benson, of Greville-street, Hatton-Garden, painter and glazier. Humphrey Jefferis, Lower-Thames-street, London, ironmonger. John Owens, Cardiff, Glamorganshire, tanner. Robert George Edwards and Joseph Jackson, Strand, merchants. Edward Williams, Birmingham, factor. John Robert Sherman, Ingram-court, Fenchurch-street, ship-owner. James Nixon, Princes-street, Hanover-square, ironmonger. Edw. Orme, Borough of Southwark, cheesemonger. Geo. Duncan Crooksey and Richard Westall, Basinghall-street, London, Blackwell-hall-factors. Patrick Cosson,

Liverpool, painter. Henry Jackson, of Mincing-lane, London, merchant. Tho. Dixon, Gadalming, Surrey, timber-merchant. Wm. Vaughan, of Pall-mall, taylor, and Alex. Gerrard, Gloucester-street, St. Mary-le-bonne, merchant. John Evans, Whitechapel-road, St. Mary, Whitechapel, chinaman and taylor. Wm. Wicks, Middle-row, Holborn, haberdasher. Tho. Chance, of Tottenham, Middlesex, coach and harness-maker. Geo. Losh, Wm. Losh, and John Robinson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ironmongers. Joseph Kenyon, Wakefield, linen-draper. Joseph Jackson, Strand, perfumer, and dealer in medicines. John Stephens, of Liverpool, merchant. Richard Stubbs, of Wykeham Grainge, York, dealer and chapman. Fitz-Herbert Alford, of High-street, Southwark, woollen-draper. Edw. Cainsford, Cowden, Kent, corn-dealer. Jarvis German, Aldermanbury, London, hosier. Theodore Cruikshank, Lime-street, London, merchant. Henry Dobson, Godmanchester, and Edw. Dobson, Brampton, Huntingdonshire, millers. Tho. Walley, of Liverpool, merchant. John Mackenzie, of Pope's-head-alley, London, wine-merchant. Mich. Tappy, Long-acre, book-binder. Robert Leigh, of Bampton, Devonshire, cooper. Tho. Billing and John Billing, Holborn, linen-drapers. Jonathan Lacey, Whitby, York, ship-builder. Stephen Faulkner, of Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. Richard More, Halesworth, Suffolk, linen draper. Wm. Booth, Manchester, cotton-spinner. Abraham Darby, Maidenhead, Berkshire, brandy-merchant. Alex. M'Miken, of St. Luke, Chelsea, victualler. Benj. Townsend and Benj. Hartley, Old 'Change, London, leather-sellers. Tho. Browne, of Jewry-street, Aldgate, woollen-draper. John Scott, of Dowgate-wharf, London, and Geo. Losh, Newcastle upon-Tyne, factors. Sam. Wilson, Birmingham, gro-

cer. James Upton, Red-lion-street, Clerkenwell, pocket-book-maker. Dominick Gally, of High-Holborn, printseller. John Willis Graves, Holborn, hatter and hosier. Tho. Duffy, Manchester, manufacturer Rich. Reynolds, Whitechapel, wine-merchant. Tho. Lewis, Great Tower-hill, merchant. Wm. Stoney and John Smith, Leeds, grocers. John Fowler, Bewdley, Worcestershire, printer. John Morris, of Sharples, Lancashire, whitster. Tho. Jones Loyly, Piccadilly, haberdasher. Rich. Robinson Ward, of Cottingham, York, merchant. Henry Cooke, of Manchester, shopkeeper. Francis Clark, Barnet, Herts, wine-merchant. Dan. M'Kinleay and Abraham Mendes Belesario, Size lane, London, merchants. D. Mesnard, Shad Thames, Horsleydown, dealer in corn. Rob. Stevenson, Fetter-lane, cutler. B. Tabart, Bond-street, bookseller. Mariano Bovi, Piccadilly, printseller. James Bartlett, London-Wall, wool-merchant. John Thomas Webster, High-street, Southwark, hosier. William Lord, Shipton-upon-Stour, Worcester, druggist. Carter Cook, of Great New-street, St. Bride's, tallow-chandler. Rich. Bramhall and Patrick Bramhall, Portobello, Sheffield, cutlers. Henry Box, Farningham, Kent, taylor. Philip Harcourt, jun. of Great Stanmore, Middlesex, butcher. C. Blomfield, Liverpool, porter-brewer. Ann Church, of New Bod-street, milliner. John Dean, Newcastle-upon Tyne, woollen-draper. Robert Jameson and Sam. M'Quoid, Sherborne-lane, merchants. Tho. Vinn, Bush-lane, Cannon-street, merchant. Alex. Morison, Walbrook, merchant. Dan. Mesnard, Shad Thames, Horsleydown, dealer in corn. Ann Farmer Burrowes, Middle-row, Holborn, haberdasher. Rob. Graham and Wm. Graham, Making-place, Yorkshire, and James Graham, Aldermanbury, London, cotton-manufacturers. Wm.

Wryghte, of Fenchurch-street, wine and brandy merchant. John Keen, Cross-lane, St. Mary-at-hill, factor. John Johnson and Joseph Collingworth, Leeds, joiners. George Gotts, Cawston, Norfolk, merchant. Wm. Bullen, of Wakefield, Yorkshire, merchant. Francis Hill, Middleton, Suffolk, merchant. Tho. Okell, of Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, linen-draper. George Gowland, Chandos-street, merchant. Hen. Sutton, Salisbury, clothier. Tho. Jones, Wrexham, Denbighshire, flax-dresser. Roger Row, Exeter, linen-draper. John Ewbank, Bucklersbury, warehouseman. Charles Rushworth, High Holborn, coach-maker. Francis Forbes, Blackman-street, Borough, chemist and druggist. Henry Guiller, of Cold, Ashton-Mill, near Bath, woollen-yarn-manufacturer. Andrew Gage and John Lee, Bishopsgate-street, wine-merchants. Tho. Gordon, Liverpool, merchant. Jude Turton, Wych-street, St. Clement Danes, truss-maker. Lawrence Smith, Portsmouth, dealer. Wm. Mac Alpine, Aldersgate-street, London, merchant. John Ridgway and James Kearsley, Bolton, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturers. Joseph Wharam, of Bayswater Place, Bayswater, manufacturer. Wm. Bunny. Old Gravel-lane, St. George in the East, currier, Matthias Pearce, of Little Elbow-lane, London, cheese-monger. James Bedson, East Smithfield, bricklayer. Tho. Weightman, Newgate-street, mercer. Tho. White, Borough, haberdasher.—Wm. Pearce, Bunhill-row, Middlesex, victualler. Carsey Bell, Sampson's-gardens, Wapping, master-mariner. Joseph Clayton, Borough of Southwark, cheesemonger. David Jenkins, of Solver, Pembrokeshire, linen-draper. Tho. Anderson, of Middleton, York, cornfactor. Tho. Beal Taylor, Leicester-square, ladies' shoemaker. Edw. Whitehead, New Road, Tottenham-court, merchant.—

John Pearson, Maryport, Cumberland, mariner. Samuel Bawtree, the younger, Crescent, London, cornfactor. Thomas Pickersgill, Little Turnstile, Holborn, baker. Edw. Newlove, Great Driffield, Yorkshire, vintner. Thomas Jones, Monmouth, shop-keeper. John Algar, Threadneedle-street, London, shoemaker. Anthony German and John Jeffson, Nottingham, hosiers. Joseph Parker, of Hereford, brandy-merchant. John Binns, Kirkburton, York, clothier. John Coleman, Liverpool, biscuit-baker Joseph West, the younger, Charles-street, Covent-garden, . Archibald Jameson and Tho. Classon, of Burr-street, Lower East Smithfield, . Thomas Weaver, Manchester, cornfactor. Tho. Henderson, Milk-street, warehouseman. Nathan Jolly, Woodstock-street, Oxford-street, warehouseman. George Beaver, of Tavistock place, St. Pancras, stone-mason. George Moors, Long-alley, Shoreditch, leather-seller. James Monteeth and James Sequeira, of Gracechurch-street, druggists. Wm. Binns, Kirkburton, York, clothier.

REMARKABLE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN NOVEMBER, 1803.

BIRTHS.

On the 14th, of a son, the Lady of G. L. Van-Heythuyaen, Esq. of Kentish-town.

At his house in Baker-street, Portman square, the Lady of Major Davison, of a daughter.

In Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, of a daughter, the Lady of Rich. Butler, Esq.

In Hinde-street, Manchester-square, the Lady of T. G. Estcourt, Esq. of a son.

On the 17th, of her first child, a girl, after being 20 years married, the wife of a tradesman in Banff.

MARRIAGES.

At Layton, in Essex, William Curtis, Esq. of Lombard-street, banker, eldest son of Sir William Curtis, Esq. to Miss Lear, daughter of G. Lear, Esq. of Laytonstone.

At Kennington, George Aust, Esq. of Chelsea, to the Hon. Mrs. Murray, widow of the late Hon. William Murray, brother to the Earl of Dunmore.

At St. George's Church, Southwark, Mr. W. Payne, late Master Attendant at the Cape of Good Hope, to Miss Anna Catherine Rousseauw, late of the same place.

DEATHS.

On the 9th inst. at his house in Gainsford-street, Shad Thames, equally beloved and lamented, Mr. Thomas Hills, formerly of the Minories, baker.—A man of unimpeachable veracity, of sound understanding, inflexible integrity, and disinterested benevolence; a tender affectionate husband, a kind indulgent father, a firm and faithful friend, who might truly and literally be said, "never to have seen an old friend with a new face." Many an *old friend* therefore, with deep regret, will often drop the tear of friendship and affection over his grave.

On the 8th instant, the remains of the late Sir L. Darell, Bart. a Director for the affairs of the East India Company, and Colonel Commandant of the First Regt. of Royal East India Volunteers, were interred in the family vault at Richmond. Through the whole of his afflicting illness at the India-house, his brethren in the Direction evinced, in every pos-

sible way, their high sense of his long-tried worth and the sincerity of their regard, and when the scene was closed, they feelingly and liberally ordered every possible honour to his remains. When the procession reached Richmond, the marked and well deserved testimonies of respect to his character, and of deep and undissembled sorrow for his death, which manifested themselves in all ranks and conditions throughout that town and neighbourhood, were evidently the overflowing of the heart. Of the yet unabated suffering of his distracted family, from this unlooked for and most calamitous separation, no language can convey an adequate idea. It may with truth be said, that his loss will be long severely felt, and his memory held dear.—The whole regiment attended his remains from the East India House to Hyde Park, when the grenadiers who preceded the body, accompanied it to Richmond, and fired three vollies over the grave.

To Correspondents.

Our Wells Correspondent shall be attended to in our next.

We should be happy to comply with Adolescence's desire, but his composition, we fear, would not promote the cause.

Several favours, without signatures, are received, and under consideration.

ELIZABETH ROWE.